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ἀληθεύων ἐν ἀγάπῃ.—*Speaking the truth in love.*

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## Violin Collecting.

IN the *National Observer* for June 10, someone holds forth to the length of one and a half columns on the sin of violin collecting: the title of the article being somewhat too innocent and misleading—*A "Strad."* The writer begins by declaring that "it is now generally held that of all men he who plays the violin has least concern with it." In the old times, he says, "by its fulness and quality of tone the finished instrument was valued, as an orchard is by the quantity and flavour of its fruit. But now? 'Tis the eye and not the ear must be gratified; the violin is become a decoration: the orchard is handed over to the landscape gardener." In unholy wedlock the dealer and collector have brought forth the manufacturer, who rapidly displaces the maker. He scarce knows of Stradivari, nor has heard of Cremona, and cares not for the past stories of the fiddle-making art; but his machines turn out by the thousand per diem violins whose tones are equivalent to the very last degree of unbearable toothache. The "outsider," by which term is meant the player, "must rest content with these, unless (as is rare) his means permit him to outbid the collector."

There can be no doubt that the writer of this article has laid his finger on a very sore place. The struggling violinist has many grievances, and none worse than this dumping of cartloads of valuable instruments in a rubbish room, there to rot ingloriously. It is not only that the instruments thus acquire a fictitious, a monopoly, value; it is that they cannot be got at all. Many of the rising generation of violinists cannot hold their own with the "bigger pots," for the simple reason that, play as they will, an inferior violin will not yield a superior tone. Doubtless, we have many great violinists amongst us, but their chance of rising to the top is small indeed. They play perhaps at St. James's or Princes' Hall, and we at once recognise that their tone is not Sarasate's, or even Lady Halle's—taking no account of the fact that it is not Sarasate's or Lady Halle's violin! Again, were superior instruments more accessible, more frequently heard, our modern makers would have to apply themselves more vigorously to the task of equalling the old men. Probably, the conditions of our present half-civilization will prevent the appearance of another Stradivari, but there is no reason why, even in this age, we should not have more really good makers. Further, the public has something to say. If every player in the Richter, or Henschel, or Covent Garden opera orchestra were armed with an instrument of really fine tone, then—why then these orchestras would be worth listening to indeed. We all suffer more or less at times when the first violins get too far up, or the seconds too far down. The provincial public is worse off than the metropolitan, except in towns like Leeds, Manchester, Birmingham,

where a certain percentage of players are well enough off to afford fair instruments.

What is the remedy? We are afraid there is none. Mr. George Hart told a *MAGAZINE OF MUSIC* representative a short time since that "collecting" was on the wane. One can only hope this is the case, that natural but unknown causes will bring instruments from the lumber-room into the market again. Meantime, to solace those who at present suffer, we venture to quote further from the *National Observer* article. The writer thereof describes "collecting" as a malady. The afflicted one, he says, "spends laborious days in touring 'second-hand' shops. He haunts Wardour Street, lurking in secret places until he scents his prey, and, entering warily, bargains with seeming carelessness until he gets it at his own price. The shopkeeper protests, almost with tears, that such business spells ruin. But the collector hurries home, dreaming he has secured a 'genuine old master' for five pounds. And lo! when his friends call to view it, the 'old master' was made yesterday, and is worth just three-and-sixpence." Cruel only to be kind, surely!

## Au Courant.

THE boudoir grand pianoforte for Princess May that has been made by Messrs. John Brinsmead & Sons is designed to imitate a highly-decorated harpsichord, the ordinary style of legs used in grands being superseded by a handsome framework in the early English style; that is to say, the case is designed à la Chippendale, inlaid with ivory and marqueterie on beautifully mottled mahogany. The interior is as perfect as the case which encloses it, and the improvements in it include the patent tuning apparatus, which secures greater precision, and gives greater facility to the work of the tuner, and empowers the instrument to remain in tune for a greatly-increased period of time. The touch is so elastic that all gradations from the most subdued whisper to the greatest fortissimo passage can be executed with delightful effect. The tone is majestic, and of a beautifully free and singing quality.

THE "Master of the Musick." What a pleasant title it is, and what a lucky man is Sir Walter Parratt in falling heir to it! When the retirement of Sir William Cusins, who has served for twenty-five years, was announced the other day, the gossips at once set down Sir Joseph Barnby, Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, and Professor Villiers Stanford, as candidates for the post, and now it has fallen to one whom probably the gossips never so much as thought of. As a matter of fact, Sir Walter Parratt—who, as everybody knows, is organist of St. George's Chapel, Windsor—has gained his distinction chiefly in Church music; but for all that, he is a man of wide tastes, and has a memory

good enough to enable him to play a Bach fugue and three games of chess at one and the same time! He will now conduct the Queen's private band, a body of some forty musicians, whose duty it is to play when called upon at the Court banquets either at Windsor or in London, but it is said that the direction of the State concerts will be in other hands.

I WONDER where that story about Handel and the "Harmonious Blacksmith" will turn up next! I came upon it the other day, and in a new form, too, in the columns of the *Manchester Weekly Times*. Someone is there describing the favourite cycling route from Manchester to Rudyard Lake, and in the course of the article we get this little tit-bit: "Near the old station at Poynton the road ascends, and crossing the London and North-Western line, we continue to Adlington, where, abutting on the roadside, is the old smithy where, as tradition persists in asserting, Handel, who was then a guest at Adlington Hall, hearing the smith's ringing blows upon his anvil, was inspired with the melody of the 'Harmonious Blacksmith.'" Tradition is responsible for a good many things, but I have never before heard that it located the harmonious blacksmith at any other place than the village of Edgware, near London. As a matter of fact, the story in any form is quite legendary, although what is said to have been the inspiring anvil and hammer were, as recently as 1879, knocked down for £14 to Mr. Maskelyne, of the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

WHEN the proud father of the precocious Mozart began to show off his prodigy he complained bitterly that the ladies, instead of paying the little fellow in good louis d'or, paid him only in kisses. Paderewski is more fortunate; he gets both the gold and the kisses—the kisses, too, of American beauties, who evidently believe with their own Josh Billings that the best way to define a kiss is to take one. One begins to wonder whether there is not some occult virtue in a musician's kiss. It was only the other day that old Dr. Crotch, the erstwhile Principal of the R.A.M., was convicted by the records of the institution of having kissed one of the prettiest pupils in the ladies' harmony class. To be sure he thereby forfeited his right to "future attendance on the female students," but may not the kiss after all have been but the "tonic resolution" of a "dominant discord" in the Principal's breast? If one may parody the poet, 'tis better far to osculate than never to have kissed at all; but, on the whole, perhaps the present lady-students of the R.A.M. would prefer to have their labial compliments from professors of a less mature age than fifty-six.

SOME inventive genius, I observe, has constructed a musical bedstead wherewith to charm the silent watches of the night. Here is a description of the phenomenon: "It has at its four corners four full-sized, gaudily dressed

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Grecian damsels—those at the head holding banjos, while those on the right and left foot hold fans. Beneath the cot is a musical box, which extends the whole length of the cot, and is capable of playing twelve different charming airs. The music begins the moment the least pressure has been brought to bear from the top, which is created by one sleeping or sitting, and ceases the moment the individual rises. While the music is in progress the lady banjoists at the head manipulate the strings with their fingers and move their heads, while the two Grecian damsels at the bottom fan the occupant to sleep. There is a button at the foot of the cot which, after a little pressure, brings about a cessation of the music, if such be the desire of the occupant. This is even better than Goldsmith's bed which contrived a double debt to pay, and accommodated itself into a chest of drawers when not required as a couch of rest. On the whole, however, its use may be doubted. One would much rather have a musical railway-whistle than a musical bedstead, but perhaps the latter will be of service to Benedicts who tremble at teeth-cutting and quail before the curtain-lectures of their Mrs. Caudles.

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MR. LABOUCHERE is almost as much of the guide, philosopher, and friend as the good old grandmotherly *Lancet* itself. This time he wants to excite our commiseration on behalf of "a talented musician, a Mus. Bac. of an English university," who, incredible as it seems to Labby, offers lessons in harmony and counterpoint at the fee of half a crown each. But what is the unlucky gentleman to do if he cannot get more? It is not given to every musician to pound the piano like Paderewski, and make something like £3 15s. per minute thereby; and there are some men who would rather dine on bitter herbs than feast on an ox supplied by the butcher from the funds of "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road." And, after all, half a crown a lesson is not so bad—if you can work in a sufficient number of lessons!

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I SEE the music for the royal wedding has been decided on, and we are to have Handel represented by the "Occasional" and the "Scipio" marches; Mendelssohn—well, by the inevitable; Sir Arthur Sullivan by the "Imperial" march; and Henry Smart by that poor little march in G, sacred to the memory of every organist's pupilage. For the rest there are to be Barnby's "Oh, perfect life of love"; the old German chorale, "Now thank we all our God"; a marriage chorale by Dr. Creser, of the Chapel Royal; and Wagner's Bridal Chorus from "Lohengrin." But why not strike out a new line and have something really appropriate? An organist friend of mine was leaving his post the other Sunday, and played as his last voluntary the chorus, "If thou let this man go," from Handel's "St. John the Baptist." This suggests endless possibilities in the way of wedding music. As the bridegroom walks up the aisle you might have "See the conquering hero comes," or perhaps, "None but the brave deserve the fair"; while the "signing" is going on the organist might play Handel's "Would you gain the tender creature? Softly, gently, kindly treat her"; and then as the happy pair walked away you might play Haydn's "With fondness leans upon his breast, the partner for him formed," or the same composer's "By thee with bliss." Organists, think of these things!

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I AM sorry to hear that in the fire at the offices of the *Western Mail*, Cardiff, so many of the plates of Dr. Parry's musical compositions were

destroyed. "Blodwen," the first Welsh opera, "Nebuchadnezzar," the cantata entitled "Joseph," and many songs and duets all shared the same fiery fate, while all the unsold copies of the "History of Cardiff Musical Festival" were likewise destroyed. I just hope the stock and plates were fully insured, in which case Dr. Parry may have a story to tell similar to that with which the late Mr. Russell Lowell used to amuse his friends when sitting round the mahogany. The cost of publishing Mr. Lowell's first book, runs this story, was borne entirely by that gentleman himself, the edition being a plain but substantial one of five hundred copies. The author felt the usual pride in his achievement, and hoped for almost immediate fame, but only a few copies of the work were sold. Soon after a fire occurred in the publishing house where the volumes were stored and they were destroyed. As the publisher carried a full insurance on the stock, Mr. Lowell was able to realise the full cash value of his venture, and he had the satisfaction of saying that the entire edition was exhausted. As a rule, the only fire that the composer experiences nowadays is the fire of criticism, and it should be some consolation to Dr. Parry that he has come through that safely.

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By request of Mr. Mascagni, the composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana," a Bechstein grand pianoforte has been sent up to his hotel for his use during his visit in London.

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WE hear that Miss Janotha received the diploma of the Royal Academy of S. Cecilia, Rome, on May 31. Miss Janotha is a great favourite with the Queen of Italy, who has presented her with a photograph beautifully framed. It is pleasing to know that Miss Janotha graciously honoured the Queen by accepting such a handsome present.

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MR. FRANCIS L. COHEN read a paper before the Musical Association on Tuesday, June 8, his subject being "Ancient Musical Traditions of the Synagogue." He commenced by showing that the Jewish services had been chanted for upwards of 2,000 years, and that the modern synagogue inherited the musical traditions of the temple. After dealing with the scales, Mr. Cohen showed how the different modes were used for different seasons. He then spoke of various Jewish instruments, giving illustrations, and went fully into the question of Jewish musical forms. On the whole the lecture was one of the most interesting ever delivered under the auspices of the Musical Association.

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MISS JANOTHA gave a drawing-room concert after her return to London, on June 27, at 56 Lancaster Gate, by kind permission of Mrs. John Morgan Richards. It proved one of the most brilliant affairs of the season, a number of eminent artists taking part. The vocalists were: Mme. Albani, Miss Carlotta Elliot, and Madame Belle Cole, who sang a song composed by Miss Janotha, words by Mrs. John Morgan Richards. Mr. Jack Robertson and Mr. James Ley also kindly assisted, and Miss Rorke recited. The instrumentalists were: Miss Janotha, Mrs. Johannes Wolff, Mr. Kollmann and Master Jean Gerardy.

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THE competition for the Welsh scholarship of the Royal Academy of Music will be held at Tenterden Street on July 27. The successful

candidate is entitled to three years' free instruction in the Royal Academy. None of the candidates may be at present, or have been in the past, pupils of any metropolitan musical institution. Either they, or their parents, must have been born in Wales. The Welsh scholarship was founded by subscription in 1883, the cash being collected mainly in the Principality by John Thomas (who rejoices in the *alias* of Pencerdd Gwalia, and is harpist to the Queen). Applications to enter must be sent to the secretary of the Royal Academy not later than July 17. The candidates will be required to play a piece of their own selection on any instrument chosen by themselves, to read a piece at sight, and to pay an entrance fee of 10s. 6d.

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MR. THOMAS WINGHAM, who died a short time ago, was an Englishman, and a professor in the Royal Academy of Music. His place has been filled by Mr. Carlo Albanesi, who, needless to say, is not an Englishman. The London musical market is already crowded with foreigners, competent or incompetent, and we must protest against any encouragement of this state of things by the directors of the Royal Academy of Music, who ought above all things to be patriotic.

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A MOST fearful weapon has been invented by someone, and patented in all countries—a patent automatic stamp-clock. It is at once a reliable timepiece in a handsome case, a check on the wandering errand-boy, on the cupidity of the porter who proposes to charge you for a paid parcel, and on the dilatory clerk. In other words, this little machine records the hour at which a parcel or letter is despatched or received. At the same time it indicates whether these are paid or not, it tells exactly when an order is given, and when the job is finished. It will be found most useful by accountants, contractors, editors, gas companies, surgeons, and music teachers. Under its influence the errand-boy will forget the longest way round, the porter to be dishonest, the clerk to be lazy, the elementary music student to forget to practise.

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ALICE MAUD LIEBMANN is a young violinist, but not a prodigy. She was born twelve years ago in Piccadilly. Her tuition has been exclusively English, under the care of Mr. Pollitzer at the London Academy of Music. She has travelled, and visited the principal towns in England and Scotland, and played her instrument with success everywhere. At his last visit Sarasate heard her, and expressed himself highly delighted with her playing; but, as already stated, she is not a prodigy or infant phenomenon, but a sound artist, perfectly healthy in body and mind, and likely, therefore, to make a big reputation by the time the Hoffmanns and Koczalskis are forgotten.

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WHAT a pity musicians have not a friend to do for them what Mr. George Moore is doing for the painters! He lives with them, talks with them, studies them, and then goes and writes about them. He describes artistic life in France thus:

"From ten at night till two in the morning the *brasseries* of the Butte are in session. Ah! the interminable bocks, and the reek of the cigars, until at last a hesitating exodus begins. An exhausted proprietor at the head of his waiters, crazed with sleepiness, eventually suc-



ceeds in driving these noctambulist apostles into the street. Then the nervous lingering at the corner! the disputants, anxious and yet loath to part, say good-bye, each regretting that he had not urged some fresh argument—an argument which had just occurred to him, and which he feels sure would have reduced his opponent to impotent silence. Sometimes the partings are stormy. The question of the introduction of the complementary colours into the frames of the pictures is always a matter of strife. Several are strongly in favour of carrying the complementary colours into the picture-frames. 'If you admit,' says one, 'that to paint a blue roof with an orange sky shining on it, you must introduce the complementary colour green—which the spectator does not see, but imagines—there is excellent reason why you should dot the frame all over with green, for the picture and its frame are not two things, but one thing.' 'But,' cries his opponent, 'there is finality in all things. If you carry your principle to the bitter end, the walls as well as the frames should be dotted with complementary colours, the staircases too, the streets; and if we pursue the complementaries into the street, who shall say where we are to stop? Why stop at all, unless the neighbours protest that we are interfering with their complementaries?'"

But, after all, fancy a set of college or academy students sitting till two a.m. in a dirty café discussing questions of consecutive fifths and octaves, and the advisability of using trombones, or bones, without the trom, or triangles, or cymbals in the various pieces they are composing. The thought is a dreadful one!

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ADOLPH VON MECHEL, who is said to be one of the best-known painters of Germany, has just shown himself to be a genius. A jury in Berlin had rejected one of his five pictures for some exhibition, and in consequence he went away and committed suicide. An ordinary man would not have thought of it. Von Mechel did think of it, and leaves a wife to deplore the fact. If all the musicians were to follow his example every time an expected engagement fell through, there would soon be "openings" enough for the younger generation.

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SHALL we ever have a Mr. Frederic Harrison of music? After writing about the decadence of romance, he has gone on to the decadence of modern art. Subjects dear to rising genius, he tells us, are the model scratching her back, the model sitting down on a wet palette, a dirty old woman vacantly staring at a heap of stones, and so on. In the "new" pictures, he continues, sentimentalism and conventionalism are at last got rid of. But so they would be if the artist had left his canvas blank, or had put his palette in a gold frame, and named it "Day-dreams," or "A Fugue in Primitive Colours." Perhaps, after all, the actual Frederic Harrison will develop into the Frederic Harrison of music. This is what he proposes:

"There is one form of frame which I have not yet seen tried, the idea of which I propose to patent in Paris, London, New York, and Chicago. It is an apparatus by which the frame contains a mechanical whistle or 'hooter,' set to give voice every three minutes, or oftener if required. The fortunate artist who first obtained this whistling frame would force the spectators in the gallery to turn to his canvas. That would give him what he seems to regard as the main end of his art."

This seems more a musical invention than anything else.

## Simplification of Life.

NOW is the machine master of the situation. The steam-plough has displaced the agricultural labourer, the steam-loom the ancient weaver, the sewing-machine the old-world house-wife. These types of machinery we know; one type we do not know, the industrial machine. Every commercial undertaking of the present day is such a machine: driver, the manager; steam-power, L.S.D.; working-parts, human flesh and blood. All of us who earn our living become such working-parts for a certain number of hours every day. I am (say) a wheel, my friend Jones a piston-rod, my enemy Smith a stoker: we put on our hats every morning, take 'bus to the factory, take each our proper position, then steam is turned on and bizz! away we go, round and round, so many revolutions per minute for so many hours per day (with an interval for lunch). At eventide the machine takes itself to pieces, the pieces go home to their wives and families, spend the evening as they may, retire to bed, and rise next morning to repeat the round. For so many hours a day we miss life. Our years are three-score and ten only. Of these one third is lost in sleep; of the remainder more than half is lost in living lives not our own. The hour strikes, the sword falls, and most of us are cut off in our prime, having scarce lived twenty years. The years are short and few, we are mere drops of vitality splashed out of the infinite ocean to glitter for a moment in the sunlight: is it well to waste our moment thus, is there no better way of living it? The end of life is the joy of it. Those who miss that lose all life offers. And the joy of life is found only in the continuous expansion of our individuality, in an ever-increasing activity of soul. It lies not in the possession of a West-end mansion or suburban villa, in silk hats and broadcloth coats, in a carriage and pair and worldly-position, and the prospect of a respectable funeral and sympathetic obituary notices; but in the simple experiencing of the deepest and strongest and intensest emotions of which we are capable.

Wherefore let us cast off the works of darkness, the mansions, the silk hats; basing our mode of living on nature's primary needs, let us do what work is necessary to fill the stomach, cover the body, provide shelter; our leisure let us spend in art, literature, drama, music, painting, whatever demands the exercise of our best faculties; for recreative change from these, let us abandon the ball-room, the billiard-room, the society-theatre, and make for the open fields, the woods and the waters, the sunlight and the fresh winds of heaven. Thus shall we *live*, thus shall we enjoy life; thus shall we get rid of modern diseases, mental and physical: our ennui, introspection, general morbidness, our influenzas, choleras, and general sensitiveness to disease.

To the "rising musician" of the day, this counsel is both applicable and necessary. If he "goes into the profession," indeed, merely in a business way, to achieve position and fortune, there is little hope of his salvation; but if he "loves music" (as so many profess and so few do), the best advice to be given him is, Resist the sweet chant of the "worldly-position" siren. The hopeful youth fresh from college finds an ever-fresh joy in the pages of his Beethoven, Bach and Wagner; his seat in the half-crown gallery at the opera gives him felicity unutterable. But he is imbued with the notion that

however delightful these things are, his "business in life" is to "get on." Straightway he advertises for a place in the industrial machine, and is only too "happy" if "he gets it." Perhaps to compensate for the loss of so many precious hours which might be spent in joyous living, he seeks the "delights of married life." But here again he must in the slang phrase "pay through the nose." Marriage carries with it "an establishment" and more expensive mode of living. So the hopeful youth ends in the dull spectacled professor, who as the price of a big income, big house, big servants, big dinners, big position, has served his best years and energies on the industrial treadmill, and paid away his youthful enthusiasm and healthy joy in life. Had he determined at the beginning that he could live as well, perhaps better, without the big things, he might have *lived*, and in living done great things in art. The advice is again, Resist the commercial siren. Make up your mind to do without the un-necessaries. If you must marry, do it on the understanding that a big family is one of the big things to be avoided. Thus will you have that nearly obsolete thing, leisure—the only time that can be usefully employed. As a last word, let no one imagine that laziness is advocated here. On the contrary it is activity, the highest activity, that is recommended. Only the man or woman who has an ideal, a passion to attain it, and the opportunity to give that passion play in active effort, knows what the joy of life is.

M. RUBINSTEIN'S "sacred opera," entitled "Moses," which has occupied the composer at intervals from 1881 till last year, is to be placed on the stage at Brunn, the capital of Moravia. The work is in a series of eight acts (or tableaux), occupying two evenings, and it deals with the principal events of Moses' career, from his discovery in the bulrushes to his death. The composer has not even shrunk from laying one of his scenes on Mount Sinai, for the opera is practically a sort of Modern Passion Play, and is not in any way intended to appeal to ordinary audiences. Some years ago M. Rubinstein put forward an elaborate scheme for the establishment of a "sacred theatre," where a special company should be formed to represent the "Geistliche Oper," before a public who would accept such things with fitting reverence.

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M. RUBINSTEIN pleaded earnestly that sacred subjects, though banished from the theatre, are nevertheless freely delineated by painters on canvas, and he was particularly severe upon oratorio, in which "gentlemen in dress-coats, white cravats, and yellow gloves, and ladies in outrageously extravagant toilets impersonate the grand imposing figures of the Old and New Testaments." He once hoped to establish the "sacred opera" in England, but was very properly dissuaded from making the attempt by the late Dean Stanley. However, he composed "Paradise Lost" and "The Tower of Babel," which have already been heard here in the concert-room, and "Moses" is the third of the series, which will be completed by a work entitled "Christus," now being written.

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SIGNOR ARDITI has completed a new waltz, said to be expressly written for Mlle. Nikita to sing at Chicago. She sailed thither a fortnight ago. It is evident that there will be plenty of competition between the artistes belonging to all nations who are flocking to Chicago.

## May to July Concerts.

FROM the beginning of May until the end of July the average number of concerts per week is thirty. Besides that there is the opera every evening, and innumerable semi-private social evenings, musical evenings, reunions, and drawing-room recitals of song, at all of which the presence of a tired-out "editor of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC" is requested. Some of these affairs are good, some intolerably bad, some well attended, some empty. Why, the innocent one may ask, do not the less important wait until the more powerful brethren have had their turn? Surely the innocent one is quizzing! He has certainly heard of the London season. From the beginning of May until the end of July London is 'full.' By the end of the first week in August it will be 'empty.' The Prince of Wales and all the royal family, the nobility, the knights of the shire, the country squire, even the Prince of Wales's tailor, will all be gone to the seaside, to the Continent, or into their back parlours. Why, there will scarcely be four and a half millions of people left! Again the innocent one may speak: Cannot an audience be got together out of four and a half millions of people? Alas! no. Piccadilly is deserted, the club-rooms of St. James's Street desolate, Kensington is a waste, Bayswater and Brixton dare not be seen in the streets. And only Piccadilly, St. James's Street, and Kensington can afford a guinea or even a half-guinea for music; only Bayswater, St. John's Wood, and Brixton fill the five-shilling seats. An audience cannot be got together, not out of four and a half millions of people. And even if it could be, it would not be one to please the summer concert-giver. For he (or she) gives a concert to advertise him (or her) self amongst society people or to get payment for services already rendered. This needs a little explanation. London is 'full'; every evening there are society functions of one sort or another without number, and at all of these music is required. True, there are amateurs enough who could provide it all if they would; but they won't—they want to talk. Hence, the business is left to professionals, and things are arranged one or other of two ways. Either the professional gives afternoon concerts in the season, distributing gratis the larger portion of the tickets, until he is well enough known to get engagements at so much per evening; or they get introductions to society people, get invited to social affairs like ordinary guests, play or sing as desired, charging no fee, and then give a few concerts—some in Princes' or St. James's or Steinway Hall, some in drawing-rooms lent for the purpose—for which they sell their patron hosts a number of tickets at half a guinea or a guinea each. One hardly knows which plan is most ingenious or most risky. In the first case you may spend a lot of money and not get known or secure engagements after all. In the second, after you have played gratis for the greater part of the season, some society leader may die, or other accident happen, which provides your patrons with an excuse for "regretting they are unable to take," etc., and then—you are probably left bankrupt. Neither mode is a good one whereby to earn a living. Of course, concerts are given for other reasons than these. Richter makes his annual English visit a summer holiday, and the Monday evenings provide him with just enough work to make his nine weeks' idleness thoroughly enjoyable. The Philharmonic Society

must give its performances when its subscribers are in town. Then scores of pianoforte recitals are given to advertise this, that, or the other maker's instruments. Last, a number of good people actually hope to make reputations as serious artists by playing or singing, and I offer them my best advice when I say "Stay at home." Lost in the crowd as they are, all the genius or cleverness in the world won't help them; they do themselves no good, and only worry the critic.

Magazine readers who possess a little arithmetic will easily calculate that since the last issue reached them there have been some hundred and twenty concerts in London's public halls. These I do not propose to discuss in detail. In fact, not possessing the art of being in five places at once, many went unvisited of me. Following the plan adopted last month, I shall notice the more important ones first, and touch upon so many of the smaller ones as space permits.

### LEFT OVER.

A number of musical functions came off too late to be noticed last month. Of these the most important was Mr. Hans Wesseley's concert at St. James's Hall on May 25. The programme was an excellent one:

Overture ...	"Le Nozze di Figaro" ...	Mozart.
Violin Concerto in D ...	...	Brahms.
Song ...	"Mazurka" ...	Chopin.
Pianoforte Concerto in E flat ...	...	Beethoven.
Violin Concerto in E minor ...	...	Mendelssohn.
a. Old English Song, "Oh! listen to the voice of love" ...	...	Hook.
b. ...	"Liebesbotshaft" ...	Schubert.
Polonaise for the violin ...	...	Laub.

What a relief was that opening number! I fancy we are all getting tired of the orchestra on the Wagner scale. The everlasting growl of trombones and tubas wearies, and earthquake effects don't astonish twice. Anyhow, it was delightful to hear the pure tone of strings, flutes and oboes, and effects which were *forte* without being as noisy and deadly as a colliery explosion. Dr. Mackenzie conducted Mozart as he ought to be conducted, *i.e.*, as little as possible. No nineteenth century effects were put in, and the strings were allowed to sing. The Brahms Concerto is a terribly risky thing to play. But Mr. Wesseley played it in so original a manner, and with such fine tone on the lower strings, that he kept us all awake in spite of the soporific effect of the music. Miss Alice Schidrowitz sang her songs pleasantly; but Mr. Isidor Cohn's reading of the Beethoven Concerto was eminently unsatisfactory.

Otto Hegner (no longer "young" Otto!) and his sister Anna played at Steinway Hall on May 29. I went with the sole intention of seeing whether infant phenomenalism was in every case a barrier to success as an adult artist. My decision must be reserved. Mr. (I must call him "Mr." now) Hegner played his share of the following programme well, but not superlatively so.

Sonata in A major for violin and piano— forte ...	...	Handel.
Andante, Allegro.	...	
Adagio, Allegro moderato.	...	
(a) Fantasia Cromatica et Fuga...	...	Bach.
(b) Sonata in C sharp major ...	...	Beethoven.
Adagio sostenuto. Allegretto.	...	
Presto agitato.	...	
(a) Canzona }	...	Raff.
(b) Tarantella }	...	
(a) Gavotte ...	...	Glück.
(b) Erköning ...	...	Schubert-List.
(a) Scène de Ballet ...	...	Briot.
(b) Moto Perpetuo ...	...	Paganini.

For Bach he is as yet quite unprepared, and anyhow two works of such calibre as the "Chromatic Fantasia" and the "Moonlight" sonata in succession is too big a feat for a young gentleman of his age. Still, there was

technique in the first, and poetic feeling in the second. Perhaps he will some day learn to combine them. As for Miss Anna Hegner, she handles her violin in a workmanlike way, and may eventually achieve success. At present she is much too immature to attempt Handel's glorious A major sonata. The audience, by the way, was a curious one. It seemed as though half the nurseries of Portman Square had emptied their contents into the hall. May I suggest to the guardians of Mr. and Miss Hegner that playing under these circumstances is not likely to aid the artistic development of the two young people?

### JUNE CONCERTS.

On June 1, at three o'clock, Mademoiselle Chaminade, aided and abetted by Mr. and Mrs. Oudin, attempted and achieved a wondrous feat: she filled St. James's Hall and kept a big audience interested in a programme entirely made up of the young French lady's own compositions. There were twenty of these on the list. Now, Mademoiselle Chaminade's works are interesting, clever; but they are not original. Not that she copies from anyone else. I rather think that at some earlier stage of her career she must have made a piece of music which highly pleased her, and has determined to imitate that for the rest of her life. It is, I suppose, a safe plan to go on turning out an article on a model liked by the public—so long as the public like it. I own it wearies me. After hearing a couple of songs and three piano pieces at this concert, I always knew what was coming. For a time I found it interesting to calculate or guess which of Mademoiselle Chaminade's half-dozen themes would turn up next; but even that did not long console for their monotonous insistence, and I left. Mademoiselle Chaminade is a charming player with a good technique, whom I should like to hear in serious music. Mr. Oudin sang well. He is the translator of the words of Mademoiselle C.'s songs; I give a specimen of his skill in this line.

### "SERENATA.

"La nuit est serene et douce  
L'air est embaumé,  
La lune argente la mousse,  
Le bruit s'est calmé!  
Sur la terre où tout sommeille  
Sous le poids du jour,  
Rien ne vit plus, rien ne veille,  
Hormis mon amour!  
L'herbe aspire à la rosée  
Du matin vermeil,  
La fleur à l'ombre exposée  
Cherche le soleil.  
Ainsi mon âme éplorée  
Se meurt loin de toi,  
De grâce ô mon adorée,  
Viens auprès de moi."

ED. GUINARD.

### "SERENATA.

"The night is calm, sweet perfumes  
All the breezes fill,  
The moon doth silver the mosses,  
Every sound is still!  
On the earth where all is dreaming,  
Wearied, tired by the day,  
Naught is waking, naught is living,  
Only my love and I.  
The dews refresh the meadows,  
Day has just begun;  
The flowers within the shadows  
Wait the rising sun.  
And thus my soul is dying,  
Is dying, far from thee;  
I implore thee, hear its sighing,  
Come, O come unto me!"

Translation by EUGENE OUDIN.

Sarasate gave concerts on June 10, 17, and



22. The latter will be noticed later on. This is the programme for June 10:

Sonata, for piano and violin, Op. 75 ... *Saint-Saëns*.  
 Second Suite, for piano and violin,  
 Op. 43 ... *Goldmark*.  
 Concertstück for violin, Op. 20 ... *Saint-Saëns*.  
 (a) Fantaisie in F. minor, Op. 49 ... *Chopin*.  
 (b) Étude en forme de Valse ... *Saint-Saëns*.  
 Sérénade—Andalouse, for violin ... *Sarasate*.

The most successful item was the violinist's own serenade. The next concert was more interesting; there was an orchestra and the programme was better.

Second Suite, Op. 38, for orchestra ... *Emile Bernard*.  
 Fantaisie Ecossaise, Op. 46, for violin and orchestra ... *Dr. Max Bruch*.  
 Suite for violin and orchestra ... *Raff*.  
 Introduction and Cracovienne, for violin and orchestra ... *Zarzynski*.  
 (In manuscript. First time of performance.)  
 Marche Hongroise, for orchestra ... *Berlioz*.

The performance of the suite was intolerably bad. It was my misfortune to have seats near the platform, where the monotonous beat, beat, beat of Sir William Cusin's foot was all too audible. Every time I go to these concerts I am more convinced that the orchestra would play better without such a conductor. The Scotch fantasia by the newly-hatched musical doctor, Max Bruch, is a curious composition. There is not a trace of feeling for Scotch scenery in it, nor any attempt to use Scotch tunes. In the third or fourth movement, however, the composer makes a determined effort to be Scotch. He takes the Scotch snap and uses it so judiciously that one is surprised to hear a set of elaborate variations on the final phrase of that well-known English song, "Sally in our Alley." The Raff Concerto is not specially interesting in itself, but serves well to "show off" Sarasate's marvellous command of his instrument. Indeed, the more one hears the Spanish violinist play, the more set one becomes in the belief that he is the violinist—others merely play the violin. No other comes near him in sensuous beauty of tone—that wonderful sweetness which never cloy—and in that other most important respect, accuracy of intonation. A wrong step seems an impossibility to him.

Another visitor, not so often seen as Sarasate, is again here, Hans Richter. For twenty-two years has he made England his summer resort, and when one remembers the estimation in which Wagner was held twenty-two years since, and the position he holds now, one realises how much the German conductor has done to popularise his master's music, and what an uphill fight it must have been. It is a fight which is won, for now are the Richter concerts crowded, and one dreads the arrival of the day when the "ride" of the Walküre-maidens will be put on the street pianos. The second of this year's series was distinctly the best. The programme included the overture to the "Flying Dutchman," Hagen's "Wacht" from Act II. of the "Götterdämmerung," Wotan's "Farewell" from the last Act of "Die Walküre," and Schumann's First Symphony in B flat. The first was played with a *verve* and breadth reminding us of the Richter of seven years ago. The two vocal solos, too, sung by Mr. Andrew Black, deserve the very highest praise. Not only did Mr. Black sing magnificently, but the orchestra also fairly excelled itself in the fire-music. As for the Schumann Symphony, the last movement was as usual the most satisfactory. Schumann somehow never pleases with his orchestral music. Not only is it piano music; it is scored as if the composer had not the most elementary knowledge of the instruments he was using. Things that are

clear enough in the score are not heard at all when the work is brought to a performance. Whether more careful, and much more sympathetic, rehearsal would result in a successful rendering, I cannot tell. As played by Richter on June 12 it "missed fire." At the third concert on June 19 a new piece by a young Viennese composer, bearing the familiar name of Strauss, was down to be played. On looking over my programme, however, I cannot say I was sorry to see that it had been displaced in favour of the prelude and death-song from "Tristan and Isolde." The only other Wagner item was the finale to Act III. of the "Götterdämmerung," dramatically sung by Madame Nordica. There were two new works down, besides the displaced one. Of these I need only notice Goldmark's Overture to "Prometheus Bound," a most intolerable hotch-potch of little bits of every other composition I have ever heard. Richter will not so much as look at new works by Englishmen—why, then, should Englishmen listen to vulgar effusions of the Goldmark kind? The concert concluded with Mozart's G minor Symphony—a welcome relief after the atrocity I have just mentioned. It was played much too fast right through, even the lovely slow movement. Still, one is grateful to occasionally hear a little of the most divine music in the world.

#### TWO ACADEMY CONCERTS.

On June 9, the professional students of the London Academy of Music, under the direction of Mr. A. Pollitzer, gave their annual summer concert of vocal and orchestral music. This is the programme:

Overture ... "Euryanthe" ... *Weber*.  
 Andante and Capriccio ... *Mendelssohn*.  
 For pianoforte and orchestra.  
 Miss L. Field.  
 Aria ... "O mio Fernando" ... *Donizetti*.  
 Miss May Rosslyn.  
 Aria "O tu bel astro" ("Tannhäuser") *Wagner*.  
 Mr. Charles Loder.  
 Concerto, for Violin and Orchestra (1st movement) *Mendelssohn*.  
 Miss Alice Maud Liebmann.  
 Song "Eily Mavourneen" ("Lily of Killarney") *Benedict*.  
 Mr. Gilbert Denis.  
 Fantaisie Hongroise, for Pianoforte and Orchestra ... *List*.  
 Miss Alice Hayman.  
 Cantata ... "Gallia" ... *Gounod*.  
 For Solo Soprano, Chorus, and Orchestra.  
 Miss Teresa Blamy.  
 Symphony ("The Scotch") Adagio and Finale ... *Mendelssohn*.  
 Scena ... "Ritorna vincitor" ("Aida") ... *Verdi*.  
 (By permission of Messrs. RICORDI & Co.)  
 Miss Teresa Blamy.  
 Soli (violin) { a. Romance ... *Sveenssen*.  
 { b. Polonaise in D ... *Wieniauski*.  
 Miss Stella Fraser.  
 Scena "Nought shall warn thee" ("Der Freischütz") *Weber*.  
 Mr. Mervyn Dene.  
 Andante Spianato and Polonaise ... *Chopin*.  
 Pianoforte and Orchestra.  
 Miss Kate Bruckshaw.  
 Quartet "Sancta Mater" ("Stabat Mater") *Rossini*.  
 Miss Margaret Nutter, Miss Janet McLaren,  
 Mr. Justin Bryant, and Mr. Mervyn Dene.  
 Overture "Les Diamans de la Couronne" *Auber*.

The hall was packed, testifying to the popularity of this institution. Weber's overture received a satisfactory interpretation, and still better was the orchestral share of the Mendelssohn Capriccio. I may say at once that the Adagio and Finale of the "Scotch" symphony were far away the best rendered pieces of the afternoon. Mr. Pollitzer's beat was clear and decided—that is, exactly the beat adapted to students. Miss Maud Liebmann played the first movement of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto with singular finish and expression for one so young. Under Mr. Pollitzer's training she will undoubtedly develop into a great artist. Of the vocal soloists I was best pleased with Miss Teresa Blamy, Mr. Mervyn Dene, and Mr.

Charles Loder. The solo part in "Gallia" was charmingly sung by the young lady; the "Scena" from "Der Freischütz" was given with intense dramatic feeling by Mr. Mervyn Dene; and in "Star of Eve," from "Tannhäuser," Mr. Loder showed that he has a beautiful voice and considerable feeling.

The principal attraction of the Royal Academy Concert on June 19, was Dvorák's Mass in D, efficiently rendered by the Academy students, under Dr. Mackenzie's direction. A sextet for flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, and two horns, by Mr. Charles Macpherson, a student, proved to be an interesting, clever, but not very original work. Miss Gertrude Hughes showed herself the possessor of a clear voice (which will probably grow stronger) in songs by Dr. Hubert Parry.

#### MR. HADDOCK'S MUSICAL AFTERNOONS.

Of these, the first and last were most enjoyable—the former by the audience, the other by the performers. For at the first the programme was taken from the works of Schubert and Schumann; at the third, from the works of those who performed (with three exceptions). Here is the first:

Sonata in A minor, Op. 105 (for pianoforte and violin) ...  
 Miss Pauline Sant-Angelo and Mr. Edgar Haddock.  
 Songs ... { a. "The Almond Tree"  
 { b. "Devotion" ... *Schumann*.  
 Madame Blanche Stone-Barton.  
 Sonata in D minor, Op. 121 (for pianoforte and violin) ...  
 Miss Pauline Sant-Angelo and Mr. Edgar Haddock.  
 Pianoforte Solo—Impromptu in A flat, Op. 90 ...  
 Miss Pauline Sant-Angelo.  
 Song ... "Serenade" ... *Schubert*.  
 Madame Blanche Stone-Barton.  
 Rondo brillant in B minor, Op. 70 (for pianoforte and violin) ...  
 Miss Pauline Sant-Angelo and Mr. Edgar Haddock.

The first songs (Schumann) were pleasingly sung; and Miss Pauline Sant-Angelo gave a fairly satisfactory reading of the Schubert Impromptu. But the items for violin and piano did not "go." Mr. Haddock seems afraid to throw himself into his work. The third programme is interesting enough to be given in full.

#### PART I.

Sonata in G minor (for pianoforte and violin) ...  
 F. Kilvington Hattersley.  
 Andante espressivo.  
 Berceuse.  
 Allegro jocosio.  
 Miss Pauline Sant-Angelo and Mr. Edgar Haddock.  
 Songs a. "Parted from Thee" ...  
 b. "Heart of me, why do you sigh?" ...  
 W. Creser.  
 Mrs. Creser. Accompanied by the Composer.  
 Pianoforte solo "Dream Vision" ... J. F. Barnett.  
 Mr. J. F. Barnett.  
 Song ... "Dormi Jesu" A. C. Mackenzie.  
 (The Virgin's Cradle Hymn).  
 Miss Antoinette Trebelli. Violin obbligato, Mr. Edgar Haddock.  
 Violin solo a. "Norwegian Ballad" ...  
 b. "Bourrée" ...  
 c. "Nocturne" ...  
 Mr. Edgar Haddock.  
 Song ... "The King of Kings" G. Percy Haddock.  
 Mr. H. Chilver-Wilson. Accompanied by the Composer.  
 Pianoforte solo a. "Gigue" ...  
 b. "Elegy" ... Op. 63 ...  
 c. "Scherzetto" ...  
 Mr. Algernon Ashton.

#### PART II.

Sonata in G major (for pianoforte and violin) ...  
 Alan Gray.  
 Allegro moderato.  
 Tempo di minuetto.  
 Allegro vivace.  
 Dr. Alan Gray and Mr. Edgar Haddock.  
 Sacred song "A Crown of Thorns" G. Percy Haddock.  
 Miss Antoinette Trebelli.  
 Violin, Mr. Edgar Haddock. Harp, Miss Mary Chatterton. Organ, Mr. Wallis Vincent.  
 Accompanied by the Composer.



Pianoforte solo "Four Concert Studies" ... *Clement Harris.*

- a. Spring—Allegro moderato.
- b. Summer—Allegro impetuoso.
- c. Autumn—Con moto.
- d. Winter—Allegro.

Songs ... a. "A Lament" ... } *C. V. Stanford.*  
 b. "The Kilkenny Cats" }  
 Mr. Philip Newbury.  
 Song ... "A Knight's Leap" ... *Sir Walter Parratt.*  
 Mr. H. Chilver-Wilson.

I am bound to say the afternoon was to me a very dull one. Perhaps Mr. Haddock will try small doses of the English article next time, mixing them with a goodly bulk of classical music. Twenty-one pieces of genuine home-made music is a "large order" for the most patriotic! The middle concert was devoted to Brahms' works; and here again Mr. Haddock seems ill-advised. Let him select rattling good programmes of a more varied character and his musical afternoons will become a success. Two mortal hours of one composer can only be made tolerable when the performers are very much above the average. This Mr. Haddock, though a sound player, is not, nor are his colleagues, and his scheme was, therefore, doomed to failure.

#### PIANOFORTE RECITALS.

Miss Eussert gave her second recital on June 2. The most notable item was Brassin's arrangement of the fire-music from Act III. of "Die Walküre." The lady will undoubtedly become in time a first-rate pianist. She possesses enthusiasm and musical feeling, and needs only experience. Young Koczalski continues to interest a public whose morbid curiosity is stronger than its feelings of humanity. On June 5, Miss Ada Wright gave a recital, or rather, a concert, for she was assisted by Mr. Rawdon Briggs and Mr. David Bispham. The latter was most successful. He sang songs by Sommer, Brahms and Schumann. Miss Wright's playing of a Bach prelude and fugue was pleasing. Miss Frieda Simonson, a little girl of eight years, dressed like a smaller one of four, played at St. James's Hall, on June 6. She crept under the piano and adjusted the pedals—which is part of her regular performance—and after that her renderings of pieces by the great masters fell rather flat. I beseech Miss Simonson's mother to train her daughter up in the way she should go. Miss Fanny Davies played pieces by Handel, Schumann, Chopin and others at her successful recital at St. James's Hall, on June 7. Mr. Edgar Hulland's concert two days later was interesting enough. Mr. Sauret played the violin; and Miss Evangeline Florence sung songs by Handel and Henschel. Mr. Hulland's own share of the programme included Beethoven's Variations and Fugue, Op. 35, and shorter pieces by Schumann, Chopin, etc. Signor Buonamici played Beethoven's "Waldstein" Sonata at Princes' Hall, on June 13, showing himself the possessor of a fairly complete technique, but is hardly strong enough to grapple with such a gigantic work. His other pieces were by Chopin, Raff and Liszt. On June 19, Madame Roger-Miclos gave a recital, admirably arranged with a view to effect. The electric light was on, and the platform was surrounded with flowers: thus did nose and eyes help the ear! Madame Roger-Miclos is strong enough, however, to dispense with nonsense of that sort, and I hope she will abandon it. Her playing of the "Appassionata" Sonata of Beethoven showed immense power and command of the keyboard, but was dry, and her tone was excessively hard in the upper octaves. Still, she is the only player of the month—with, of course, the exception of Paderewski, who approaches the true athlete.

#### OTHER CONCERTS.

Mr. Fowles' Brahms evening on June 13 was enjoyable, considering the nature of the programme, and drew a large audience. Mr. Cyril Tyler, a clever young gentleman (of about fourteen I should say) from the United States, invited an audience to Princes' Hall, on June 14, to hear him sing soprano solos. He fairly astounded us all by appearing to sing "The Chorister" in a surplice. Now, "The Chorister" we all know died, so I conclude Mr. Tyler was acting the part of his own ghost. It is not surprising to find that he has subsided to The Tivoli!

## Leaves from a Musician's Note-book.

### NO. I. THE VISITING MASTER.

THE life of a music-master is not one of unalloyed bliss, and perhaps the most trying portion of it is that spent in the schools, to which, in his professional capacity, he pays weekly visits. Boys' schools in particular are sources of great worry and trial to the conscientious teacher, who cannot help some misgivings as to whether, in many cases at least, the time and care he expends in these establishments are not altogether thrown away. Nor need one seek far for the cause of this. Not long ago music in a boys' school was unknown. To play the pianoforte was, to put it mildly, effeminate, and a boy with musical tastes was sure to be the butt of his companions. An improvement has taken place in this respect, but the fact that music, where it is taught, is taught as an "extra," and that the time given to it cannot be taken from school hours, makes real progress almost impossible. Besides this, while the weekly lesson is deemed indispensable, the intervening practice may be abbreviated *ad libitum*; and who, after all, can blame the boy, for whom, when he has just escaped the school-room, cricket or football has more potent attractions than "the music"? My own experiences of boys' schools has been, I dare say, as trying as that of most masters, but it has not been without its comical side. I recollect, not long ago, the principal of a school at which I was engaged brought into the study, where I was waiting to receive my pupils for the term just commencing, a little fellow of about eight years, whom we will call Master S., not a bad-looking youngster, with a face full of mischief, but with a decided appearance of looseness and carelessness. He was to "take music from the master," which, of course, meant that for about an hour every week I was to devote my energies to initiating him into the mysteries of notation, and to training his wiry young fingers to the manipulation of the keys. This I found an impossible task. He made no progress whatever. To tell the truth, he spent his practise time in doing anything but the right thing, and at the end of the term knew very little more than at the commencement. I made a note in his report to that effect, and hoped his friends would withdraw him from my class for the future. Next term, however, he "came up smiling," and for three months more I racked my brains to find a means of making something of this boy. In vain I suggested that he should practise under supervision. This was too much to grant. The other

boys were busy, and the masters were, of course, all too much occupied. And so the second term was wasted, and I had no choice but to send a message to my incorrigible pupil's parents to the effect that their son lacked the capacity for music. I felt relieved when I had done this, and flattered myself that I was well rid of a troublesome charge. Imagine my consternation when, the next term, the first pupil to present himself was no other than Master S., and, horror upon horrors! he brought with him a full-sized violin, and a brand-new copy of Spohr's "Violin School."

"Why, S.," I exclaimed, "what is the meaning of this?"

"Oh, if you please sir," he replied, with a look in his mischievous eye I shall never forget, "my father thought, as I hadn't enough brains for the piano, I had better learn the fiddle."

Sometimes one has to suffer from the interference of a non-musical principal. A singing-class which I conducted at a large college was fairly popular with the boys, chiefly, I believe, because I contrived to interest them in their work. In order to do this, I would invent exercises adapted to humorous words, which the class would set themselves to master with evident relish. One day the head-master had occasion to pass through the class-room when one of these exercises was upon the blackboard, and the boys were singing with much spirit. His quick eye took in the words I had written, and, stopping the class, he shouted to me, "You are here to teach these boys to sing, sir, not to fill their heads with such rubbish as this!" I need hardly say I instantly dismissed the class and took my departure, greatly to the chagrin of the irate principal. Next day I received an ample apology, and never since then has this head-master invaded my domain.

Where girls' schools are concerned, the way of the music-master is comparatively smooth; albeit the variety of dispositions and temperaments with which he has to deal will often cause him some perplexity. There is the girl who plainly tells you she is not musical. Her brother plays splendidly, she assures you by way of some sort of excuse for herself, and is, in fact, the possessor of his own share of musical ability and that of the rest of the family, but as for herself, she has no ear either for time or tune.

"I have learnt 'Blumenlied,'" she says, "and should like to try 'Edelweiss' if you think I can manage it. But it is no use whatever to think of giving me anything classical. I simply do not like it and shall never play it."

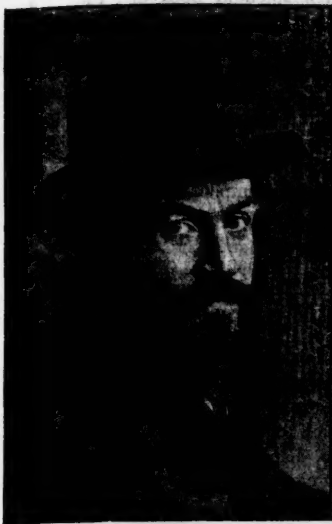
Too often such a pupil's estimate of herself is a just one, but I have several times known really talented girls speak so disparagingly of their progress under former teachers, and so far fail to do themselves justice when first playing to me, that they have been given work far below their attainments, and time has been wasted in dwelling upon ground which might have been passed lightly over. On the other hand, one not unfrequently meets with children whose exaggerated ideas of their capabilities are almost ludicrous. A new pupil recently was brought to me, carrying a folio full of Cramer's Studies, Beethoven's Sonates, and Chopin's Valses, and when I questioned her, told me that she had received a half year's lessons from a nursery-governess, could not play the scale of C, and had no idea what a "five-finger exercise" was!

Altogether the "visiting master" is not a man to be envied, and, were it not that his patience and forbearance with even the dullest of his pupils gain for him the esteem and respect of all with whom he has to do, his lot would, indeed, be an undesirable one.

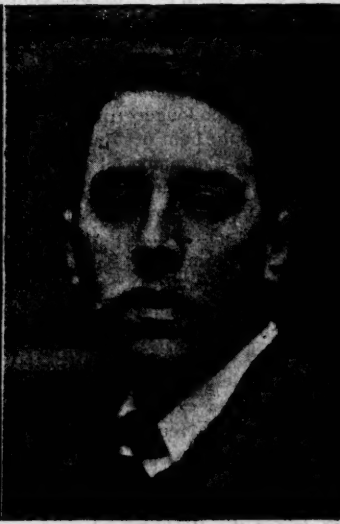
W. S.



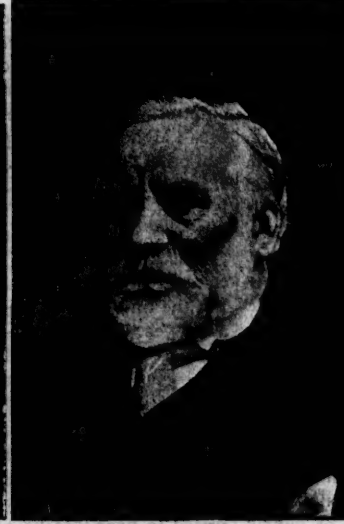
## Musical Criticism, old and new; and some Notes on the Critics.



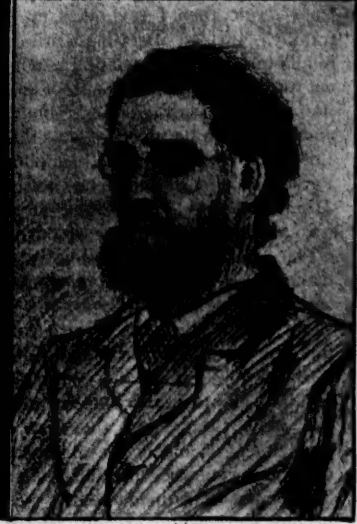
G. BERNARD SHAW.



J. A. FULLER-MAITLAND.



JOSEPH BENNETT.



E. F. JACQUES.

THIS mighty curious to note how old words acquire new meanings—meanings differing widely from the original. Mr. Henley always applies the word 'new' to anything or anyone he holds in especial abhorrence. The 'new' humour, the 'new' criticism, the 'new' schoolmaster, he says, and one imagines a scornful curl of the lip. Surely an innocent word enough! A year ago I should have used it—and not in the Henleyian sense—if I had been asked to describe the most striking quality of Mr. Henley's own prose. I dare not so use it now. For a gang of stupid city-clerks has flooded the world, so far up as the high and dry respectable chambers of *Punch*, with the 'new' humour, and the adjective has become hateful not to Mr. Henley only but to all men—except city-clerks and their intellectual co-equals. The adjective has become hateful, and when an old-fashioned critic applies it to the later-fashioned criticism one may be sure he means something very bad. For instance, Mr. Clement Scott calls Mr. Archer's the 'new' dramatic criticism, and for 'new' one reads "the vulgar, uncultured, stupidly self-confident" criticism. Attacks on the Royal Academy of Arts are always designated the 'new' art-criticism. And last, some of the war-horses of Fleet Street have laid hold of the word and are throwing it, with much bad grammar, at the work of some of the musical critics who are younger and prefer *not* to sit half their days in some tobacco-sodden, whisky-stinking Fleet Street 'pub.' Now, Mr. Archer is quite able to defend himself against that "young lion" grown old of the *Daily Telegraph*, Mr. Clement Scott, if indeed defence were of any use, which it is not—for no one who can read a column of Mr. Scott without falling asleep or going mad may hope ever to see any reason why Mr. Archer should write at all. Nor need I touch upon the quarrel amongst the art-critics which recently did so much for the *Westminster Gazette's* circulation. But to musical readers the question of 'old' versus 'new' musical-criticism may be interesting. Not that it matters whether criticism is 'old' or 'new' so long as it is good. But when these adjectives are used more is meant than meets the ear. Let us take Mr. Joseph Bennett, of the *Daily Telegraph*, as

representative of the 'old' and Mr. Shaw, of the *World*, of the 'new.' There is undoubtedly a great difference between the criticism of the two men. The fact that Mr. Shaw is immeasurably Mr. Bennett's superior as a word-artist does not wholly account for this: we see at a glance that it results from the opposite points of view occupied by the two men. And in fact, test the two sorts where we will, it will always be found that the difference lies in this: The 'old' criticism aims at being and pretends to be An Opinion—an abstract opinion with the personal element eliminated—whereas the 'new' pretends to be nothing more than an expression of the personal feelings of the writer. That being so, what are the relative advantages or disadvantages of the two sorts, and of the two points of view? Well, the leading articles of the newspapers have accustomed us to the An Opinion in politics. There it has a certain justification. The writer of a "leader" does not express his own thoughts or feelings; he merely puts into readable form certain ideas jotted down for him on a scrap of paper by the editor. These ideas are not altogether the editor's—who has possibly consulted with the proprietors of the paper, or with those who have a voice in its management. In turn these managing spirits or proprietors are influenced by the leaders of the party whose views the paper advocates, the leaders are influenced by the rank and file of the party, and the rank and file are influenced by their constituents. So that the leading article I read in (say) this morning's *Daily Chronicle* may be taken as expressing the average state of mind of an enormous number of men—of the editor, of the proprietors of the *Daily Chronicle*, of the present Government, plus John Burns and the Socialists, of the voters at last year's election. Occasionally the leader-writer throws in a little of his own personality, and then he gets "sacked." A political leading-article, then, is the nearest possible approach to the abstract An Opinion. But it may be noted that the trend of things journalistic is ousting the capital-lettered An Opinion from even this its last stronghold. We used to buy the *Pall Mall* to see what Mr. Stead was thinking, we get the *Sun* to see what Mr. T. P. O'Connor is after. In this age of machine-made men the voice of a strong personality is

more pleasing, even if we don't agree with it, than the vague, indefinite, weak and perhaps erroneously calculated average of the muddled thoughts of some thousands of uninteresting human bipeds. If An Opinion, then, is getting "behind" in the political world, what an anachronism must he be in the world of music! In fact in music he was from the beginning a pretentious fraud, a solemn humbug. A newspaper has one musical critic, who is probably the only man on the staff who knows anything of music. The opinions he expresses are his own; he is not bound to support any one party or school. Not infrequently an Anti-Wagnerian critic succeeds a Wagnerian, or *vice-versa* (for in truth the musical critic is more or less of an ornament; at least he is not nearly so important or so necessary as a fashion-writer or sporting tipster). If he aims at eliminating the personal element from his judgments he is foolish, if he pretends that it is eliminated he is a fraud. Even in the case of the leading-article the personal element is present, but in the minimum degree owing to so many cross influences cancelling one another. But the opinion of one man—in so far as it is really and truly that man's opinion and not some other man's, stolen—is wholly personal. In short, though it can no longer be said that Nature abhors a vacuum, at least it has yet to be disproved that she is intolerant of the abstract An Opinion, and won't permit it to exist. So much for the 'old' criticism. The "new" critics recognise the truth of these facts. Therefore, they say, since all criticism is at bottom an expression of our own thoughts and feelings, let us frankly talk about ourselves!

"What am I after all but a child, pleas'd with the sound of my own name? repeating it over and over;

I stand apart to hear, it never tires me.

To you your name also;

Did you think there was nothing but two or three pronunciations in the sound of your name?"

After all, the only difference between our ordinary talk and criticism (so-called) is that the latter goes into print and is paid for at so much per column. Our every utterance is a criticism. "What a beautiful day!"—pure criticism; "Oh!" when your favourite corn is

trodden on—criticism too, and highly unfavourable. And we know how often in conversation we are thrown back upon "Well, I think so," or "It affects me that way"—in fact when met by opposition no other position is possible. The 'new' critic, then, I say, takes up this position frankly. Instead of stating a criticism with the infallible air of a calculating machine, handing out the only possible result of an arithmetical problem, he gives his ideas about the matter, and they are to be taken for what they are worth. Let me give an example. Last month a certain Parisian pianist played his own arrangement of Mozart's *Zauberflöte* overture at a recital. It was reviewed thus by one of the 'old' critics: "The rendering of the celebrated Salzburg-master's overture to *Die Zauberflöte* was beneath serious notice;" and thus by one of the 'new' (I do not recollect the precise words): "The mere recollection of his playing of the *Zauberflöte* overture causes the pen to drop from my hand." The two criticisms amount to precisely the same thing; but the first, if carried to greater length and in the abstract An Opinion direction, would become dull, whilst the second, lengthened and made more personal, may become interesting or dull, refined or vulgar, according as the writer is one or another of these. In fact the 'new' criticism gives the strong, artistic, suggestive personality splendid opportunities for effective writing; and on the other hand may serve as a fatal trap to catch fools, pitiable egoists, or humbugs. For these of course talk about themselves precisely as they talk about other subjects. And it is because they do so that the dull dogs of the 'old' school, besides such by no means dull dogs as Mr. Henley, hurl the epithet 'new' with scorn at the whole of the 'new' school—which includes many of the best writers of the day. The 'new' musical-critics are endeavouring to do for music what Mr. Henley and others have done for literature—to broaden it, fetch it from the club-room or back-room of the 'pub' into the street and the open air, to make it wash its face, cut its hair and cultivate itself a little, and generally become fit for self-respect and the respect of other Arts.

#### ONE OF THE 'OLD' CRITICS.

There are plenty of writers of the 'old' criticism; but in the familiar phrase they are "nobodies," mere musical-doctors, or penny-aliners who have managed to secure more than a penny a line. Amongst the homogeneous mass one man stands out clear and strong, unmistakably a personality, Mr. Joseph Bennett of the *Daily Telegraph*. In appearance he is a typical John Bull of the last generation; in his ideas and mode of expressing them he is still more old-fashioned. His criticism is wholly 'old.' He has indeed discarded the editorial "we," but his "I" is quite as impersonal. He never speaks of himself. He is as a prophet reading a handwriting on the wall. A new work is performed, a new artist appears, and Mr. Bennett raises his eyes to view the abstract An Opinion (floating somewhere in mid-air, one supposes), and, seeing it, sets it on paper. This is clearly shown when he writes about a work in which he has had a share. There is no air of conceit about him on such occasions, or the smallest hint that he is personally and privately interested in the work. He speaks with the solemnity and un-selfconsciousness of a calculating machine.

Mr. Bennett is, I say, a personality, and it is entirely because he is so that the *Daily Telegraph* musical criticisms carry any weight. In fact when we carefully examine them we find that in spite of their abstract calculating-machine

manner they are entirely expressions of Mr. Bennett's strong views and feelings. Born in 1831—sixty-two years ago—in a Gloucestershire village, he was for some time an organist. On coming to London he took up the winning side in music, namely, Mendelssohnism, became musical critic of the *Daily Telegraph*, writer of the Saturday and Monday "pops" analytical programmes, constructor of oratorio and opera librettos. But alas! the winning side no longer wins; Mendelssohn has paled before the light of that other day-star, Richard Wagner. For many years Mr. Bennett stuck manfully to his guns. His "Letters from Bayreuth" form as furious and yet skilful an attack on Wagner, as the "Meister" is likely to experience during his coming (say) two thousand years of popularity. But the time tendency has been too strong, and a few years since the lamented *Musical World* printed side by side Mr. Bennett's views on *Lohengrin* then and those of a decade previous. We saw that he too had come (to an extent) under the domination of the King of Bayreuth. Only his English "bull-headedness," I am convinced, prevents him joining in the now-universal chorus of praise—at any rate, I will not be surprised to hear that he has joined the Wagner Society. In fact he ought to sympathise with at least one character of the "Niebelungen," of which he said such hard things fifteen years ago. He himself is Siegmund, a hero fighting against adverse fate. Whatsoever (in musical matters) he has wished for, has been denied him, whatsoever praised and recommended to the public, the public has refused and reviled; whatsoever he has condemned and warned the public against, the public has delighted in and praised. Of the latter the case of Wagner is a sufficient instance. Of the former, has he not looked and longed for the triumph of Mendelssohn, and has not Mendelssohn steadily gone back? But there are innumerable smaller cases. Of Dvorák's *St. Ludmila* (now as dead as all the other saints taken together) he said: "It was a case of love at first sight as between audience and music;" of the same composer's "Requiem": "Dvorák has established himself as the greatest religious composer of the age, not so much, perhaps, in the matter of technique as in the sublime expression of exalted feeling." Where is the "greatest religious composer" now? How rarely we now hear of *The Dream of Jubal* or *Ruth*. They are dead as door-nails, despite the everlasting vitality prophesied by their part-creator. It is Siegmund battling with fate, Julian striving with the Galilean! Yet better than the hunting with the hounds and running with the hare with which the ordinary musical critic has familiarised us. One may differ from Mr. Joseph Bennett and still admire his courage and immense perseverance.

#### OLD AND NEW.

Mr. Fuller-Maitland would belong to the "new" school had he thought the matter over before it was his fortune, or misfortune, to be appointed musical critic to that last stronghold of An Opinion, the *Times*. I have no authentic information as to when he was born, though I guess it was less than forty years since. The first I heard of him was on his appointment to the *Pall Mall Gazette* in 1882; Mr. Morley was then editor. In March, 1884, he resigned, and proceeded to the *Guardian*; and on the death of Mr. Hueffer in 1889, became musical critic to the *Times*. But of course he is well known outside journalistic circles. He was one of the translators of Spitta's "Life of Bach," a contributor to Grove's "Dictionary of Music," and editor of the appendix. He contributed a life of Schumann to the "Great Musicians"

series, besides writing articles for the *Musical World* in 1886, occasionally for the *Musical Times*, and for the *Nineteenth Century* (January, 1891, and May, 1893). A thorough musician, he has edited a splendid book of "Fifteenth Century English Carols," and is now editing for the Purcell Society Purcell's "Twelve Sonatas of Three Parts." I have set forth this biographical matter because I have not, to say truth, very much else to write about Mr. Fuller-Maitland. Everything that he writes is thoughtful and well-considered. His style is nervous and lucid, and is stamped with his own individuality; but circumstances have never permitted him to "give himself away" like Mr. Bennett on the one hand, or one of the newer "new" critics on the other hand. Nevertheless, he is a force in musical circles. Educated (in the widest sense of the word), he has brought his culture and knowledge to the aid of music, has done perhaps more than any man living to revive an interest in the finer specimens of the old music, much to advance the Wagner movement, and to dispel the illusion that every long-haired foreigner is a great musician.

#### 'NEW.'

But when we come to Mr. E. F. Jacques we have a quite different type of man to deal with. Whereas Mr. Fuller-Maitland seems to sit at home to philosophize, and then sends out the result to his readers, Mr. Jacques sits at home to philosophize too, but himself goes out and "collars" his readers, and with fiery energy seeks to convert them to his views. He was born in London in 1850, of French parents, and was intended for a commercial career. As a matter of fact, when the time came his father, then resident in Manchester, sent him to some business house. But Jacques, junior, did not appreciate this kindness. He never took to business ways. It is recorded that he was (as a rule) late six days out of six, and on those rare occasions when he astounded everybody by "turning up" punctually he did nothing. At the end of two years the following conversation ensued. Jacques Senior: What do you want to be? Jacques Junior: Don't know. Jacques Senior: You must be something! Jacques Junior: Well, then, I'll be a musician. Mr. Jacques (our Jacques, I mean) had a certain amount of skill on the piano, and it was as a pianist he determined to try his luck in London. Accordingly, he came here in 1869. But piano-playing does not pay here better than elsewhere, unless one is a Paderewski; and soon we hear of Mr. Jacques, not as a virtuoso, but as a successful teacher of pianoforte and theory, and as a lecturer. After writing musical criticism for various papers, and articles in the *Musical Record*, he succeeded Dr. Hueffer as editor of the *Musical World*. Unfortunately that weekly was even then on its deathbed, and despite Mr. Jacques's gallant efforts it died of defective circulation in 1890 or 1891. However, on Mr. Barrett's death, nearly two years ago, Messrs. Novello appointed Mr. Jacques to the editorship of the *Musical Times*, and it is the highest praise I can give the new editor when I say that under his care his journal shows signs of awakening from its forty years' sleep. Mr. Jacques may be termed a self-educated man. His music was acquired in no college or academy, nor was his style of writing formed on the newspaper model. Therefore he sees everything with unsophisticated eyes, and utters his ideas about things in quite unconventional style. But that style is never uncouth, *outré*; as a stylist, Mr. Jacques may stand with the "hundred best" literary men of this or any other day. He has something new



to say, and says it appropriately, not suppressing his individuality, nor on the other hand parading it. You find no threadbare phrases, no references to "the Salzburg master," "the deaf giant," no trotting out for the millionth and one time of the seemingly immortal and ever-appropriate judgment "that Mr. —'s latest oratorio is worthy of his genius." Every thought is condensed in its expression to the verge of ruggedness; but there are playful moments, too, and smittings, as with the sword of Siegfried. Yet after all I sometimes think Mr. Jacques's greatest influence is exercised on the younger generation of critics. His ideal critic is the man who, uninfluenced by tradition or by contemporary fashion, judges, weighs everything, whether it is a work of art or an interpretation thereof, and who freely gives his judgment to whoso cares to hear. This ideal he tries himself to reach, and make others reach. It may almost be said that he is as enthusiastic about his method of criticism as about the results of it. That this enthusiasm has had a good effect on music is undeniable. One effect is that the younger critics are (some of them, at least) trying to say in terms they understand what they actually think or feel, instead of, as in the old days, saying something they did not think or feel, but which were considered the proper thing, in phrases which had lost by overuse any vitality they might once have possessed. But Mr. Jacques himself will never be the ideal critic, though he may come as near to it as a human can. His defect is an over-anxiety to convert his hearers or readers. I do not doubt that his words would have greater effect if merely thrown out like seed to take root where they may, than (as just now) almost thrust down one's throat! This anxiety to proselytise is reflected in the condensation and terseness of his writing. It is at once his great strength, and his little weakness. Still, no one would have our Jacques different. Wherever he goes he stimulates and freshens by the specially-prepared atmosphere he carries in his waistcoat pocket.

## NEWER.

George Bernard Shaw, socialist, vegetarian, humanitarian, economist, art critic, musical critic, and playwright, is also a recognised hater of kings and a king-destroyer. Mr. Shaw is now thirty-seven years old, and I knew his mother. But for these two facts I should conclude he never was born, but came, like King Arthur, from fairyland. He was born, however, since Mrs. Shaw states it, and (on his own authority) baptized. He claims to be a foreign immigrant on the ground that Ireland is his native land. That he passed his youthful years there his accent attests, for the brogue pops in and out amongst his words in moments of excitement, and one somehow suspects at times that he would like to spell "garden" with a *gy*. Many years ago he came to London and at once commenced to write novels, and to speak on the social question, which he did not in the least understand. In the fulness of time he came to understand it, and was one of the founders of the Fabian Society. He also became musical critic to the *Star*. His column, signed *Corno di Bassetto*, was one of the best parts of the paper when the paper was at its best. It was there that he commenced the system of criticising a concert by giving an account of part of his life—that part, namely, which he passed at the concert. As Mr. Shaw's is an interesting, not to say startling, personality, his experiences were always interesting and sometimes startling. A boundless irreverence for traditions, and a firm determination to see things through his own spectacles, which

he carries with him into St. James's Hall or Covent Garden Theatre, did not fail him as he wended his way to the *Star* office afterwards. He has immense skill in the art of stringing words, is always humorous and frequently witty, and, in a word, his column became the most readable and most read thing in London. So much so that immediately an opportunity arrived, Mr. Yates secured him for the *World*, where his weekly article now lies, a veritable oasis in a sterile waste of advertisements and comments on society. The curious thing to me is that the *World* readers do not rise in a body and demand the expulsion of the purple-patcher. For Mr. Shaw (as I said) is a socialist and many other "ists," one or other of which frequently gets a "turn" in his musical article. Now it is the gospel of divine discontent he preaches to the proletariat of Kensington and Bayswater, now he tells the "fine old English gentleman," who "lives on the land," and spends his days in fox-hunting, eating, sleeping, and perhaps reading the *World*, that he is a "dull dog," and his son will become as "dull a dog as himself." Perhaps Kensington, Bayswater, and the squire's hall, skip the musical article. Anyhow, Mr. Shaw goes on his way, with occasional lapses into musical criticism as she is understood by English people. It is a great mistake to regard him merely as a jester. Mr. Shaw is, on the whole, as complete a specimen of a man as I know. Completely endowed in head and heart, he uses the Mephistophelian element in his character as a weapon of offence or defence in a world which wants neither him nor his heart nor his head. Your bourgeois musical doctor may laugh at his dress, his mode of life, his social theories or his feelings (if ever he plainly showed them)—he dare not laugh at the lightnings of his cynical wit. The bitter cynicism is Nature's corrective to the soft heart. But a sentence of this sort does not sum up Mr. Shaw. There is no getting the greatest common measure of the elements in his character. Something fresh is always coming up. He has many sides and means to develop them all. That his many sides are equally strong it would be foolish to affirm. He is certainly the best public speaker I have heard, one of the best writers of the day, an ingenious novelist, a remarkable playwright. Yet he is always a critic; and unless he is careful the critic will somewhat mar the artist's aim. The time for criticism (self or other) is after a work is completed, not while it is in progress. Mr. Shaw, however, stops every moment to criticise, for the public benefit, his own work. His last book, which I have read (excepting the text), is more notes than anything else. However, I am getting away from Mr. Shaw the musical critic. And after all there is not much more to say about him. What I have said of Mr. Jacques and music applies equally to him. He insists on looking at things from his own standpoint. Thus, while the ordinary *An Opinion* musical critic is stating that "the final chorus of Mr. —'s oratorio includes a fine fugue with strettos and a pedal-point," Mr. Shaw is clamouring to know why Mr. — is writing a fugue at all. He objects to the ordinary mode of analysing a musical work (first subject in C, episode leading to second subject in G, etc.), and occasionally treats a soliloquy from "Hamlet" in the same way. His home-made theories sometimes lead him to remarkable conclusions. For instance, he has noticed that most modern musical pieces written in perfect form are perfect in no other respect; hence he condemned a fine overture, Mr. MacCunn's "Dowie Dens," merely because the form was regular. Like the rest of us, he has prejudices, and mistakes them for the eternal laws of nature. But it is the

vigour with which he will argue that his prejudices are laws of nature, or any other case, that makes him one of the four personalities of that *demi-monde* of music, if I may so term it, the world of the musical critics.

## THE MUSICAL CRITIC AND THE PUBLIC.

By way of a tail to this discursive article let me add a few lines about the influence of the critics on the public. That influence is small. Until recently the public has been in front of the critics, and the latter have taken up new views only when the old ones were no longer read. It is only within the last few years that the critics have posed as teachers. Perhaps in ten years we will see more plainly than is now possible whether the critics of to-day are teachers, or, like those of yesterday, the parasites of art.

## Musical Festival at Salisbury.

THE long-anticipated Festival Concert, arranged by the Rev. E. H. Moberly, took place at Salisbury on the 16th ult. The sober old city put on gay attire for the event, and the usually quiet streets were astir with life, a large number of visitors arriving from various parts. The Corn Exchange, which had been specially fitted up, although far from an ideal concert-room, presented a very attractive appearance, and long before 3 o'clock, the time of the concert, was crowded in every part by a fashionable assemblage, which could not have numbered much less than 3,000. Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Golden Legend," and Professor Stanford's "Revenge" were the works chosen for the concert, and adequate preparations had been made for the important occasion. The orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. A. Burnett, numbered 89, the majority being players of the front rank. The chorus, consisting of the Test Valley and Avon Vale Musical Societies, the Sarum Choral Society, and a contingent from the Bristol Festival Choir, was considerably more than 300 strong. Miss Margaret Macintyre, Madame Belle Cole, Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. Watkin Mills were the soloists.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's cantata, with which the concert commenced, received a very fine rendering. The orchestra gave ample evidence of its efficiency in the Prologue, and distinguished itself greatly throughout the work. The choruses were sung with the utmost precision and refinement. The quality of tone produced by every part would have satisfied the most exacting critic, and in several numbers, notably the beautiful hymn, "O gladsome Light," the efforts of the choir called forth expressions of the warmest admiration. How much of this result was due to the unremitting pains taken by the conductor it is not necessary to say here. The principal singers took full advantage of the many opportunities to be found in Sir Arthur Sullivan's music. Miss Macintyre made an unqualified triumph in the part of Elsie, the music of which suited her magnificent voice to perfection. Madame Belle Cole, Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. Watkin Mills were not less successful, the latter gentleman representing Lucifer in an appropriately sardonic manner. The silver bells, cast for the first performance of the "Golden Legend" at Leeds in 1886, were brought into requisition, and the well-known hymn was accompanied by the Rev. H. W. Carpenter on an organ erected for the occasion—unfortunately a very inferior instrument.

I have little space left for Professor Stanford's splendid setting of "The Revenge," and must content myself with saying that everybody had reason to be satisfied with an effort as nearly perfect as could be. The chorus and orchestra were equally good, and the cantata was received with every sign of satisfaction and appreciation. The accomplished conductor, Mr. Moberly, received a well-deserved ovation at the conclusion of the concert, which was, undoubtedly, the finest ever given in the city of Salisbury.



# The Composition of the Month.

"EAST TO WEST," BY C. V. STANFORD.

A SHORT passage has been sounding in my head all night. I give it here:



A haunting passage of perfect beauty, one of which any of the mighty men of the past might be proud. In imagination it colours the whole work from which it is taken, and this morning I sit down at the piano for a few minutes of luxurious enjoyment. Before twenty bars are played the charm has vanished, my anticipated feast is snatched away. For only in imagination is Stanford's "East to West" penetrated with the colour, the suggested tenderness and sadness of this phrase; and in the first flush of disappointment one is inclined to declare that the work is a sterile desert strewn with dead men's bones—this phrase the one green oasis where one may sit and think:

"Of life and death, of home and the past and loved,  
and of those that are far away."

But this is an inverted view of the case for which no one but Mr. Stanford is to blame. For there is nothing in the words of Mr. Swinburne's ode to justify this purple patch; and it is only because it is as completely out of place in the work as it is completely lovely and expressive when it stands alone that the rest of the music appears sterile. And yet, if these two or three bars were taken away, where could one lay finger and say: "Here is a passage which might have been written by a musician who knew the beautiful and where to find it"? By way of answer to this question I will briefly analyse the work.

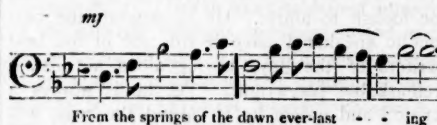
The name of the person or persons who ordered the words from Mr. Swinburne and the music from Mr. Stanford has passed from my mind. The main thing is that they were ordered, and in judging the Putney poet's or the Cambridge musician's work we must always allow for the fact that the whole thing is a piece for an occasion. Moreover, the poet worked under more favourable circumstances than the musician. He was fairly free in choice of form. He could use what images pleased him, so they were "proper." He could rhyme when and where suited him. But the musician had to adapt himself to the predecessor; the musician's themes had to be stretched or lopped short to fit the Procrustean bed of the poet's verse. On the other hand, the poet may protest that his lines, being first made, are mauled and broken and bruised to fit the music, that, in a word, the latter, and not the poetry, is the Procrustean bed. One can only offer cold comfort, namely, that in a joint production of this sort no one reads the poetry, even though it be Algernon Charles Swinburne's. As no one has yet read it I beg to call attention to a few samples:

"Sunset smiles on sunrise: East and West are one,  
Face to face in heav'n before the sov'reign sun.

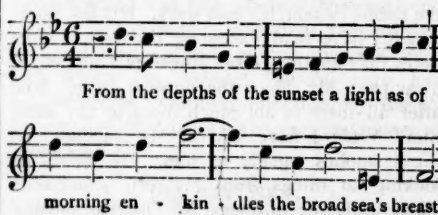
Child of dawn, and regent on the world-wide sea,  
England smiles on Europe, fair as dawn and free.  
Not the waters that gird her are purer, nor mightier  
the winds that her waters know,  
But America, daughter and sister of England, is  
praised of them, far as they flow:  
Atlantic responds to Pacific the praise of her days  
that have been and shall be."

The last line is responsible for the musical phrase quoted.

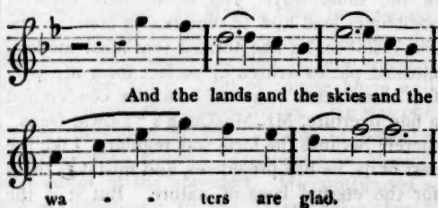
Now, as poetry I have no concern with these verses. But as material to be set to music, are they the sort of thing I would choose if, say, the President of the United States offered me £10,000—his year's salary—for an ode? Most decidedly not. If Mr. Cleveland, or any future President, does make such an offer I will write my music and take it along to the poet to have words fitted in, just as one sends a deceased favourite parrot to be stuffed. And if no poet would undertake the "job" I would myself write some lines of reasonable length, not too alliterative, and not fairly bursting with metaphors. And with these I think I could do something worth, or nearly worth, the money. If I were compelled to use Mr. Swinburne's lines I should have to refuse part of the price: a conscientious feeling would prevent my acceptance of such a huge sum for a piece of work which was not worth it. My readers, then, may gather that Mr. Stanford has produced his work under very great disadvantages. The poetry is so crowded with images, and they follow so quickly on one another's heels, that the only feasible method of getting continuity was that adopted by Mr. Stanford—taking a couple of lines and repeating them, either whole or in scraps, until a complete movement is achieved. And even that plan, though feasible, is not highly successful: the result is something resembling the expositions of half a dozen fugues loosely strung together. First, we have an orchestral introduction of no very definite colour or feeling, and twenty bars long. Then the first two lines quoted are set to broad harmonic progressions for chorus. This leads to a new theme announced by the basses:



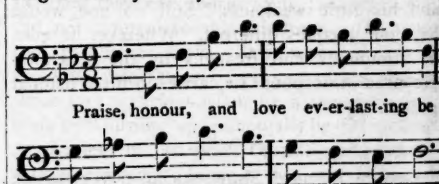
which is taken up in succession by the other parts. After two pages of this another new theme appears, this time in the treble part:



and this, too, is imitated by alto, tenor, and bass in turn. There are no specially good passages; an accompaniment of flowing quavers prevents the scrappy nature of the contents of the movement becoming too conspicuous; and that is all that can be said. After a few pages yet another theme is given out, again by the trebles:



only to be bandied about in the same meaningless fashion. One supposes this is "thematic development" as understood by the late Sir George Macfarren and at the Royal College of Music. The words, "are glad," are shouted by basses to altos, by altos to trebles, trebles to tenors in the style in vogue in the pre-Mendelssohnian days; then the whole chorus has one good howl at the conductor and audience, and the movement is practically finished. A chorus gets out of breath, and besides, there are not too many words; so Professor Stanford wisely gives the voices plenty of rests. But an orchestra can go on "it may be for days, it may be for ever"—though neither limit nor lack of limit has been tried—and Mr. Stanford's orchestral stream flows steadily through the thirty-eight pages of his ode. Without a break it takes us into the second movement, an Adagio in D, which contains the one expressive phrase of the work. On the whole, the Adagio is a fairly satisfactory movement. It contains some picturesque writing and effects; and, out of place though it is, that phrase comes in deliciously at the end when sung by the unaccompanied voices. The opening of the next (and last) number is as trifling and weak as the ending of the previous one was expressive and strong. The basses hand out a commonplace subject (in the key of E) to the words: "So from England westward let the watchword fly"; and for five mortal pages this is "treated"—first in its natural form, then inverted; then twisted into something resembling the subject of the chorus "And a Mighty Wind," in "Elijah," before, release comes with a somewhat clumsy modulation into B flat again, and nine-eight time. This is far away the most successful whole movement, for although part of the Finale, it is complete in itself. The orchestra keeps up a rattle whilst the basses sing this fairly sturdy theme:



The other parts (as usual) come in in fugal fashion. But here that is felt to be appropriate, for it leads to something, namely, a climax (or rather a half-climax) at the words "That the pride of the past and the pride of the future," and this half-climax avoids coming to a premature conclusion by the trebles leading off with a new phrase at "may mingle as friends." This, however, is not another of the false starts leading to nowhere which abound in the first movement. The climax is merely deferred, and makes the bigger effect when it presently arrives. The movement is carried on briskly and with real power for two more pages, leading into another series of massive chords (for chorus and orchestra), with which the work effectively terminates.

But for two things Professor Stanford might have made a really fine piece of music of this ode. First, had he not been hampered by the words; second, had he not kept on his professorial gown. There is too much attention to the laws of the theorist—who knows little of the matter—and not enough to the laws of expression. If like Prospero he will throw his books into the sea and endeavour to say in music what he really feels, regardless of conventions and academic rules, he may write something that will live. As it is, most of his compositions (like this one) are warnings showing how undoubted talent should not be applied.

J. F. R.



## Musical Pictures in the Academy of Arts.

THE biographies of the musicians, famous or infamous, are so charged with romance and crammed with anecdotes of questionable veracity that there, if anywhere, the "anecdote-painter" might be expected to dig for ore, convertible into "anecdote-pictures," convertible in turn into precious metal. And surely the Royal Academy of Arts, now in its anecdotal age, is the place where the musical writer in search of subjects might be expected to dig, and dig successfully, for such "anecdote-pictures." Alas! (as has been remarked before) all is vanity; we humans are destined to walk our days unsatisfied, and from this doom the musical-writer is not (always) exempt. The Royal Academy is to him this year a sterile desert, and the green oasis very occasional indeed. Except a few portraits of musical "celebrities" there are few pictures about which one may spin what editors call a "readable" column. First there is Sir John Stainer by Gerald E. Moira, looking not at all a University professor; but, to say the truth, rather like a workman of superior intelligence and position—say foreman of a small engineering works somewhere in the country. That of course is not necessarily Sir John's fault, nor, on the other hand, can we set it down to the painter without careful consideration of Sir John and his works. After all, an engineer requires a great deal of ingenuity, an amount of persistence, a measure of tact, and need not of necessity be devoid of some small artistic taste, which may take a musical direction. Sir John has all these things, and perhaps the only difference between him and the obscure provincial handler of lathe and cold chisel is the good luck which has fallen on Sir John. Joachim's portrait is not half so satisfactory. Mr. Alma-Tadema can paint a (more or less) draped figure lying on a cold slab of marble and under a blue sky, or (for he has tried many times) ought to be able to do it by now. In attempting Joachim he flies at too high game; the personality of the subject is too deep and elusive for him; he lacks the adequate mental grip and dramatic sympathy. There are only two purely musical anecdotes in this year's show—Miss Margaret Dicksee's "The Child Handel," and Mr. Edgar Bundy's "Antonio Stradivari." Miss Dicksee quotes this prose version of her picture-anecdote: "Handel's father, objecting to his son's absorbing devotion to music, forbade his following his bent and banished all musical instruments to an attic, where, however, the little musician discovered them, and, under cover of night, resumed his beloved pursuit. The sounds thus produced, and the flitting of the little white-clad figure, started the notion that the house was haunted, until the truth was revealed." Now, the picture is interesting, charmingly painted, and so on, but I must confess it to be a cruel bar to my enjoyment that I passionately disbelieve the whole tale. This, however, is merely a temporary state; in a little while I, and presumably most magazine readers, will learn to accept the story as a pretty little piece of romance, and the picture as a delightful illustration of the same. Miss Dicksee should turn her attention to illustrating some of the biographies. Perhaps they should not be illustrated at all; but if it

must be done, it might as well be done beautifully. And this Miss Dicksee could do. The "Antonio Stradivari" does not—so far as I can see—illustrate any special incident in the master's career. But it shows him at work amidst his mess of tools, wood-chips, glue-pots and half-made instruments, and the famous "white cotton cap" is not omitted.

These are all the pictures I can say anything about. There are of course a number with suggestive titles: "Music," "Harmony," "During the Prelude," "Tender Chords," and so on. And the musical writer hurries to them, and finding a semi-clothed damsel toying with a two-stringed harp on the wet sea-beach, or an indistinct someone playing on an extraordinary piano which never did and never can exist, he dashes his catalogue on the floor with an exclamation which were better unrecorded and hurries out. Perhaps the day of anecdotes in paint and canvas is near its end.

## How to Practise a Song.

BY FLORENCE MARSHALL, L.R.A.M.,  
I.S.M.

HOW often does a teacher of singing meet with that unsatisfactory person, a pupil who wants "just to take a few lessons, not to really study singing, you know, but to be able to sing a song properly!" Alas! that the long-suffering professor is not the owner of a magic wand wherewith to touch the aspirant to the vocal art, and so endow him (or her) with all the requisites for the true rendering of even a simple song. A cultivated voice, a good pronunciation of the vowel sounds and distinct enunciation of the consonants, a knowledge of phrasing, a clear perception of the composer's and author's intention, a sympathetic nature—all these, added to good musical knowledge, should be at the singer's command. Thus a physical, mental, and emotional training is required. Perhaps some may say, "But emotion cannot be taught except by Nature." Then let Nature teach it. Let the student commune with Nature in all her moods—go into the woods, and hear the birds sing, feel the joy of their free life; watch the glowing sunset, note the various tinted leaves of autumn. Let him study the works of Nature's poets, and cultivate broad sympathies by mingling with his fellow-creatures and entering into their lives.

We will suppose that a certain amount of preliminary training has been undergone, and that a song is to be studied. In practising a song, "one thing at a time" is a golden rule, at least, for those who are not far advanced in their art. We will therefore enumerate the various points to which attention must be directed. It is advisable that the student should practise the song one or more times with one object especially in view. That being accomplished, let him turn his attention to the next point to be considered, and treat it in the same way.

### 1. THE MUSIC.

In the case of a simple ballad, the air will quickly be learned, but if a more difficult composition be attempted, let the student sing it through slowly, without accompaniment, beating time with his hand. After testing the correctness of his reading, and practising separately any difficulties of time or interval, the music may be taken with

### 2. THE WORDS.

Before these are sung they should be read aloud slowly and distinctly, great care being taken to make the consonants, particularly the final ones, very distinct. They should also be repeated from memory, with appropriate expression and action. Elocution should be considered a necessary part of every singer's education. In singing the words great care must be taken that the voice is well sustained on the vowel sounds, the steady flow of the voice being only interrupted by the consonants. This is exactly opposite to the practice of most untrained singers, who rush on to the consonant as soon as possible, and, being unable to sustain sound on some of these, cause a perceptible break between almost every two words, giving a jerky effect to the singing. When the words of a song express a gentle sentiment, the vowels are the most important part of the words, the consonants being only sufficiently pronounced to render the word intelligible; but if excitement of any sort is to be expressed, the consonants should be exaggerated, giving a harder effect. Should a word occur which offers to the student some particular difficulty of pronunciation, let him take this word and sing it to an exercise until it is mastered. The quality of the voice depends very much upon the formation of the vowel sounds, and these must receive careful attention. The singer should feel that he holds them well forward in the mouth, otherwise the voice will sound "throaty."

The music and words having been studied, attention must be directed to

### 3. CORRECT PHRASING AND EXPRESSION.

The former depends very much upon good management of the breath. Musical and verbal phrases do not always correspond, and the musical phrasing must then be sacrificed to the words. Breath should be taken during rests, and when in reading a pause would be made.

If there be no rest, the last note of the phrase may be shortened. Variety must be obtained by the judicious use of crescendo and diminuendo, by answering a "forte" passage with one "piano" and *vice versa*. If a word or phrase be repeated, the repetition in many cases, not all, is either an echo or an emphatic reiteration, in which latter case each repetition should increase in force.

In addition to PHRASING, the rules of which apply to a great extent to all songs alike, there is another point to be considered, viz.:

### 4. STYLE.

One would not sing, "But though worms destroy this body," with the same "timbre" or facial expression as would be appropriate to "Oh hoy yo ho! hoy yo ho! who's for the ferry?" A thoughtful consideration of the meaning of the song will reward the student with the perception of the particular style appropriate to its expression. The singer should practise as much as possible in a standing position, with chest well expanded, and with deep breathing, without elevation of the shoulders.

In conclusion, I would strongly urge that no opportunity should be neglected of hearing the artistic rendering of good music given by the great artists of the world.

RUBINSTEIN has just left Germany and returned to Russia, where he intends to spend the summer. *Le Ménestrel* says that the great musician is working at his opera "Christus," which, in spite of its title, is not a religious work.



## Music in St. Mark's College, Chelsea.

VISITS to a few Board schools of London clearly showed our representative that the general system of musical education was the same in all. The youngsters at Eltringham Street School may be made to stand in lines whilst those at Fleet Road are placed in a semicircle; Mr. Corsie's teachers may prefer one kind of voice-training exercises, and Mr. Ball's at Haselrigge Road School another kind; and owing to different circumstances, Mr. Adams' boys and girls may do better at the annual competition than Mr. Corsie's or Mr. Ball's boys. But these are details not specially interesting to that interesting creature, the "general" reader. And as, apart from these little details, each account of "Music in Board Schools" threatened to become merely, as it were, "ditto" to the last, and likely, therefore, to bore the "general" reader (who surely has claims to consideration equal to those of the "superior" reader, *i.e.*, the man who doesn't read at all), the series will for the present be discontinued. As soon as some great reform in teaching music in Board schools is introduced, they will be resumed. Meantime, MAGAZINE readers will be regaled with articles on music in the various training colleges for school-teachers. This is a logical continuation of the former series; having seen how youngsters are taught, we will now see how they are taught when they grow into young men. Or perhaps this is illogical; it might have been better to see first how the teachers are taught, then how they teach. Anyhow, logical or illogical, the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC representative at once plunges into his narrative thus:

Whatever the thoughts of our school-days were, schoolmasters, after all, are human, and live much like the rest of nineteenth-century humanity. Most of them, therefore, who have "gone through the mill" at St. Mark's College, Chelsea, must in later life regard their two years' stay in that institution almost as two years passed out of the world. The college stands in its own grounds, to the west of which lies Chelsea railway-station; to the east some nursery-gardens; to the south I don't know what; to the north Fulham Road. From the latter you step through a gateway, and are at once in another atmosphere. The bus conductor is no more heard, and the steam-whistle has a far-away sound. Surrounded by trees stands the college building, thus doubly secluded. The one hundred and twenty students who reside there are rung up before seven every morning; they study until nearly nine, when there is chapel, followed by breakfast, and study again until one, when dinner breaks the monotony of things. In the afternoon, until tea at five or six (the hour varies), there is little work, and the half-hatched schoolmasters betake themselves to cricket, football, reading, singing, playing—whichever suits them best. After tea more study follows until supper, followed by chapel at nine, and so to bed, as Pepys says, and the day is over. All meals are eaten in a common room, except suppers, which the resident tutors take by themselves. This life has gone on day after day, month after month, year after year, since the college was founded in 1841—more than half a century since.

Whether the students profit by such a mode of existence rests chiefly with themselves. Of course, a helpful tutor can do much for them, and so far as music is concerned Mr. Breden is such a tutor. Curiously enough, Mr. Breden had his birth in the same year as the college. Whether the day and month tally, I can't say; and whereas the college has never moved from Chelsea, Mr. Breden has jogged about a good deal. Born at Norwood (in 1841, it will be remembered), he "served his time" at a school in Hampshire. Like so many of us, he had his first lessons from the disappearing private teacher. Beginning organ and piano at eleven, at thirteen he played the ordinary church-service. In 1860 he came to St. Mark's as a student, and has never left it since. As soon as an organ was built in the chapel he played it, and up to the present moment, I believe, has never missed a Sunday. He studied the piano under Dr. Wylde, who founded the London Academy of Music about this time; piano under Dr. Hopkins, whose career was described in our May issue; and singing under Elwin, who is now forgotten. Seven years after entering the college he was appointed tutor, and three years later vice-principal; but in 1883 he threw that up to take all the musical work thoroughly in hand. And there is no doubt it is done with a thoroughness that cannot be beaten. Of this let me give a few instances.

The course at the college is, as I have said, two years. Every year half the students are sent out into the world with an intellectual "rig-out" that must carry them through it. Half the students move up to become "second-years" or seniors in place of those departed; a fresh sixty from the outside are sent in as raw material to be worked up and generally polished and made "fit," and these take the place of the batch moved up. This fresh and raw sixty, then, Mr. Owen Breden at once captures. Each in turn is tested for voice, musical capacity and musical knowledge. Each is classified as first or second tenor, first or second bass. His knowledge of staff or tonic sol-fa notation is noted, and likewise any special acquirements he may possess, such as skill on the violin or piano. Mr. Breden keeps a list in which sundry strictly private remarks are set against the various names. These remarks, I say, are private; and any how they could not be quoted, some because they are too flattering, and some—well, not for that reason. All this, it should be noted, is by no means absolutely necessary; Mr. Breden does it for his own satisfaction. The hours allowed for music are two per week for each division. Twice a week the juniors take their places in the music-room. There they are taught the tonic sol-fa notation from the beginning. As fast as they are ready they are sent up for various examinations—elementary, intermediate—which do not at all interest the general reader. When complete in tonic sol-fa they begin the staff notation. A note (say F) is placed on the music blackboard; this is called Doh, and the students are taught C will be Soh, A will be Mi, and so on. Then the mysteries of flats and sharps, crotchets and semibreves, are gone into, and in a short time the "old" notation is as familiar as the tonic sol-fa. Of course voice-training is done in class, voice exercises practised, and advice given as to the choice of songs and mode of studying them. But private lessons form no part of the college curriculum. As a matter of fact, however, when the "second-years" are "getting up" their songs for Sir John Stainer's annual visit, they go to Mr. Breden's room, and he teaches them what he can in the time at his disposal. Only the "second-years" sing solos at their examination;

the juniors do chorus work. From the specimens of the latter I heard on my visit, I should say it is as fine "men's voice" singing as is to be heard anywhere. A large percentage of the students play some instrument. The piano is the favourite; but the violin is not unheard of and this year there is even a harp. The music-room is divided into six nearly sound-tight compartments, and it is during leisure hours a pandemonium. The players hear each other, but only faintly; whilst outside and overhead there is no indication of fearful din within. By special arrangement, this year's harpist practises in Mr. Breden's private room. I should add that Sir John Stainer only hears students play in two cases: when they possess no voice or are exceptionally good performers. Otherwise he prefers a song.

The chapel services form an important part of the college music. At the daily morning and evening services only the men sing. The hymns are sung with melody and bass only, the organ "filling in"; and the Psalms on all occasions are done to Gregorians. At some of these services, too, students who play the organ are allowed to deputise. On Sundays, however, only Mr. Breden plays. The choir boys, of whom there are twenty-six, come from a school in connection with the college. They get two practices every week, and at these their voices are thoroughly well trained to the upper B flat. They all read from the modulator. The altos also are boys. The men are the "pick" of the college voices, and sing thoroughly well. It must be owned, however, that they produce a better effect in softer than in louder parts. That is owing to the fact their ages vary from eighteen to twenty-one, at which time of life the male voice is rarely set or possesses any great strength. I attended a service on Sunday evening, June 18, at which there was no sermon: instead of it a performance was given of Stainer's "Daughter of Jairus." As a musical and not a theological man I did not object to the arrangement. The singing of the Psalms to Gregorian chants was effective, and very skilfully and artistically accompanied by Mr. Breden. The same may be said of the canticles, done to "settings." Stainer's work was creditably given. The tenor soloist evidently possessed a good voice, but was not in good form. The treble and bass were quite satisfactory, and the choruses were rendered with a vigour and expressiveness worthy of all praise. I noted, too, that the *fortes* never degenerated into a shout: always the tones of the boys were characterised by sweetness, and of the men by fulness and roundness. After service I saw through the college—admired the fine concert-room, Mr. Breden's stock of music, and so on, and had from Mr. B. the material whereof the present article is constructed. There only remains to add that a number of concerts is given every year: at these, works by Prout, Mee, Verdi, Mercadante, Van Bree, Fauconier, Mendelssohn and Markull have been produced. The choir boys do an operetta every Christmas.

The success of the college music is due solely to Mr. Owen Breden; and it must be satisfactory to him to reflect that sixty musical schoolmasters go forth into the world every year, instead of sixty who might have been the opposite of musical.

A CORRESPONDENT writes from Cairo: "We saw a Turkish wedding procession pass the hotel, with a mounted military band in front playing 'Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay.'"



## Sonnet.

HAYDN.

(DEDICATED, WITH PERMISSION, TO  
PROFESSOR FR. NIECKS.)

—:o:—

I love old Father Haydn for the charm  
Of graceful spontaneity. Sweet bells,  
Or voice ingenuous, that frankly tells  
The inward feeling, cool groves, whence alarm  
Is far removed, or spirit-cheering sight  
Of merry peasants dancing in the sun  
After the duties of the day are done;  
Or feathered songster's carol of delight—  
All these do Haydn's lovely tones recall.  
Thus when my soul is overwhelmed with grief,  
And dread forebodings o'erhang like a pall,  
I know where I can gather prompt relief.  
Not to match mood of gloom seek I his page,  
But to find youthfulness in cheerful age.

C. H. MITCHELL.

## New Music.

—:o:—  
PIANOFORTE.

JUST when the *Lancet* has been telling us that, on the purest grounds of humanity, to say nothing of utility, it is the falsest of systems to magnify the prodigy at the expense of the developed man or woman—just then the reviewer is asked to pronounce upon a little collection of "Klavier-Compositionen" by Raoul Koczalski, aged eight, who has been "hitting the pianoforte," as a critic puts it, before large audiences. Well, the *Lancet* notwithstanding, the reviewer need have no hesitation in commending these five trifles from the pen of this most recent wonder-child. The opening Gavotte in A minor, for instance, is a spirited and effective little composition, with a Musette in A major; the "Valse Triste" is pretty and elegant; and the other pieces are, at any rate, interesting as coming from a composer of such tender age. Mr. Oscar Allon's "Japanese Court Dance" (Williams) secures one's affections, not only for its music, but for that pretty picture of Terpsichorean Japs on the title-page. Both music and picture set one a-thinking that a trip to Japan might outvie with a holiday at the World's Fair. From the same publisher come two compositions by A. E. Horrocks, a Mazurka and a "Boat-song," that if played to a lover and his lass by the sad sea waves would be sure to force the all-important question. Mazurkas, *et hoc genus omne*, are literally played out, and Frances Allitsen's Polka Mazurka (Williams) is just as good as most other compositions of its class. An interesting and musically waltz, in many ways, is Mr. Philip Bles's "Memories" (Hopwood and Crew); while the "Winifred" waltz of F. Godfrey Williams (Doremi and Co.) is just dreamy enough to make "the partner for him formed, with fondness lean upon his breast." A good word may be said for the "Hypatia" minuet of Jeannette B. Stenning (Weekes); while Pierre Perrot's "Queen of the Seas" waltz and "Salute" polka (Paterson) are both well worth playing. Caroline Lowthian is an experienced and successful writer, and her "Maypole Dance" (Paterson) will add still further to her reputation.

ORGAN.

What the organists who like to play fresh music would do without Messrs. Novello it is not easy to conjecture. Here are ten new num-

bers (166-175) of their excellent series of "Original Compositions for the Organ," which grows so rapidly that the reviewer, to say nothing of the player, has some difficulty in keeping pace with it. I have been over every composition in the recent budget, and while I find several numbers that do not particularly strike the fancy, they are all well written and will make a very useful addition to the voluntary list. Mr. Ernest Bryson, in Nos. 166-168, contributes a series of six "Church Preludes," the fifth of which, a graceful *andante cantabile*, is especially pleasing. In No. 169 we have a spirited Postlude in G major, by H. Elliot Button; while in Nos. 170-174 we have five sketches from the prolific pen of Mr. Horatio W. Parker. These are particularly good, notably the third, a brilliant Scherzo, in D minor, with a smooth-flowing trio in B flat. This would make an effective concert piece, and it is neither difficult nor long. The fourth sketch, a Pastoral Interlude, somewhat in the style of Smart, is also worth noting. The last number of the series is a Christmas Sonata, by Otto Dienel, which brings to one's mind the old saying, *Ars longa vita brevis*. The composition runs to thirty-three pages, and I tremble to recommend it lest any audience should have occasion to rise up and call me—well, *not blessed*! That the sonata shows sound musicianship goes without saying; but Herr Dienel is too diffuse and too much inclined to let his inspiration run into chromatic scales. Still, if the work be taken in homœopathic doses there are parts of it that will "go down." The composer introduces "O Sanctissima" in the course of his elaboration, and his middle movement is a Pastorale in G minor which will well bear playing. Mr. Minshall, the late organist of the City Temple, who, I am glad to see, has been getting a present from his old choir, continues to bring out his admirable "Organist's Magazine of Voluntaries," the pretty cover of which I like to see on my music-desk occasionally. The January, March, and May issues are all good. In the first there is an excellent Offertoire in G, by J. P. Attwater, introducing an old Provençal melody, after which some of my congregation have already been inquiring; in the March number we have Mr. Maxfield's "Eventide," which well deserves the prize it has already taken; while for May there are Mr. Bruce Steane's Introduction, Variations and Fugato on the tune "Melcombe." The variations are a trifle monotonous, but the fugato is good.

VIOLIN AND CELLO.

First among the violin compositions deserving notice comes, undoubtedly, a sonata for the instrument, with piano, by Arthur Hinton (Breitkopf and Härtel). It is a scholarly and melodious work and merits the attention of all capable violinists. Messrs. Hopkinson send out three more numbers of Mr. Joseph L. Roeckel's "Miniatures Musicales," a Balladine, a Canzonetta, and a Mazurka, all worthy of the reputation which this composer has already made for himself. A very pretty and effective composition is J. B. Poznanski's Berceuse in D (Doremi and Co.), and I am not surprised to note that it is being played with immense success by Madame Nettie Carpenter. A series of six pieces, composed or arranged for the cello by G. Libotton, are sent out by Messrs. Novello. Three of the numbers are original, while the others are arrangements, respectively of Chopin's Nocturne, Op. 27, No. 2; Tchaikowsky's "Song without Words," in G major, and Schubert's "Du bist die Ruh." It is sufficient merely to direct attention to the transcriptions, and the original numbers will be found interesting enough to bear frequent playing.

SONGS, COLLECTED AND SINGLE.

Politics and music are brought together in Mr. Francis Fisher's "Song of the Unionists," which has been set in rousing march form by one who modestly styles himself "A Friend." The words are patriotic but occasionally enigmatical. We are bidden to kiss devices placed "o'er ocean and land" by our sires. It is a large order, and on the whole we prefer to kiss—well, something other than a mere device. A very fine song with a notable accompaniment is Mr. C. Lee Williams' "The Angel Side," for contralto (Novello); and a setting by A. M. Goodhart of Thomas Davidson's "Love is a Rose" (Novello) would be effective if sung with expression and feeling. The roses naturally claim attention at this season, and Edward Somerset's "Where Summer Roses Blow" (Doremi and Co.) may be commended to musical amateurs who are denied a scent of the real thing. The same publishers send out "An Old Story," by Walter Taylor, which tells in appropriate strains a tearful tale of lovers twain. From Messrs. Hopkinson comes still one more setting, this time by Arthur Somervell, of "Crossing the Bar." On the whole I still prefer the words alone rather than with any setting that has yet appeared, unless, perhaps, it be Sir Joseph Barnby's, which is really fine. Mr. Somervell rouses us up in "Home they brought her warrior dead," the accompaniment of which is surely much too elaborate to express the feeling of the words. He is most successful in "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod," which is a pretty song. Mr. Gerald Lane's "Carmencita" is a dreamy Italian melody, somewhat of the serenade *cum* guitar order. From Messrs. Weekes we have Lester Carew's "Our hearts are together," a good setting of mawkish words by "John Strange Winter"; "Then I will think of thee," by the same composer; "King and Slave," by Aimée de Bohun; and "Love came on the morrow," by Charles C. Bethune. Messrs. Paterson, of Edinburgh, send out a very fine setting by Sv. Sveinbjörnsson of Whittier's "Yankee Girl," and a pretty song by Dr. McPherson, "Bride of my heart." An admirable collection of Irish songs and ballads from the pen of Mr. Alfred P. Graves, the author of "Father O'Flynn," arranged to music by Dr. Villiers Stanford, has been issued by Messrs. Novello. After the arid wastes of second-rate modern composers it is positively refreshing to come upon a volume of national gems like these. From Messrs. Novello, also, we have a book of twenty-four songs by Tchaikowsky, selected and translated into English by Lady Macfarren. This is a first-rate collection, which should be seen by all lovers of the composer.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. James D. Brown, of the Clerkenwell Public Library, is already known to our readers as an enthusiast who wants to have a big corner set apart in our libraries for music and musical literature. His views on the subject have already appeared in the *MAGAZINE OF MUSIC*, but he has now given us, in the form of a booklet, a kind of official "Guide to the Formation of a Music Library" (Simpkin, Marshall and Co.), which should be sent, with or without compliments, to every public library committee in the kingdom. Of course we shall not all agree as to the wisdom of some of Mr. Brown's selections. Personally I should rather see Nieck's than Karasowski's "Chopin" in the libraries, and I would have Dr. Parry's "Studies of Great Composers" before Crowest's "Great Tone Poets." What, too, has come of Spitta's "Bach"? And might we not have Edwards' as well as Hogarth's "History of the Opera"? Spitta is expensive, no doubt, but to make a musical library without



a single individual life of Bach is as bad as giving "Hamlet" with the leading character left out. Mr. Brown's "Handbook of Library Appliances" (Stott) hardly comes in our way for review, but it seems to be a thorough and practical work. Through Messrs. Hopkinson Mr. Arthur Somervell publishes a collection of "Studies in Pianoforte Technique for the Use of Students." The work will be of value to those who can only devote an hour or two a day to practice, and to whom the larger studies are less necessary and more disheartening. It is a pity, however, that Mr. Somervell restricts the use of his studies by the employment of foreign fingering. It is a mere fad to pretend that English fingering is not as good as any other fingering. Miss Florence A. Marshall's "Interval Exercises" (Novello) will be useful in classes where singing is taught by interval. But where is the necessity of asking the singer to find out the nature of an interval before singing it when he can get at the result in a much easier way on the tonic sol-fa principle? A handy little article that has been long looked for by players is Mr. Thomas Pursey's patent music-stand (Pavitt and Sons). When closed this useful invention is small enough to go into an ordinary music-case, and can be stowed away in a tail-pocket with more success than Ally Sloper manages to stow away his "unsweetened." It opens with a single movement, and being perfectly rigid forms an admirable music or reading-stand. More than that, you can use it for an easel, as a certain member of the reviewer's household has practically demonstrated by carrying off his specimen to the drawing-room.

THE CRITIC IN THE ARM CHAIR.

## Woman and Music:

A DESULTORY CHAT.

"GOD created woman; certainly the most beautiful of His creatures, but full of faults. He did not polish them away, being convinced that all that was faulty in her would be outweighed by her charms." This daring dictum comes from the pen of Anton Rubinstein, who surely has forgotten for the time being that the patroness of his own art is a feminine saint. He seems to be of the same mind as the cynic who wrote of the slumber of Adam:

"He laid him down and slept, and from his side  
A woman in her magic beauty rose;  
Dazzled and charmed, he called that woman 'bride,'  
And his first sleep became his last repose."

It was not thus that the poet Burns viewed the question. Not only could he acknowledge that the sweetest hours he ever spent were "spent among the lasses, O"; but without these same lasses he practically decided that life was actually not worth the living. Nor— But really we did not mean to start away in this fashion when we took up the pen to write upon woman and music. The ladies, bless them! are all that the poet and the lover make them out to be; but here, according to the editorial behest, we must e'en leave poet and lover severely alone, and look at woman in her more limited sphere as a musician.

Yet, even in this limited sphere, we shall find occasion to make note of her charms. Some people with a propensity for punning have maintained that the arm of a *beau* is more fitting for a lady than a *bow* arm; but even

the musical minister of St. James's, Marylebone, is liberal enough to write this down as a prejudice with something of calumny in it. Indeed, according to Mr. Haweis, a beautiful woman holding a beautiful violin—mark the qualifying adjectives, however—is one of the most beautiful sights in the world. Professor Blackie, by the way, would rather have the same woman showing a pretty ankle, but let that pass. For the violinist it may be said that if she have a good arm it will be exhibited to the best advantage; if she have a pretty hand and tapering fingers and a slender wrist, all these will be thrown into the most graceful positions by the action of bowing and fingering. Her arms, shoulders and hands, her head and neck, and, indeed, her whole body, will only have to follow sympathetically the undulating and delicate curves of the violin itself. "There are refinements of sentiment and execution which a woman's sensitive hand is peculiarly fitted to render; in delicacy of touch and finely gradated effects she is unsurpassed;" and although usually deficient in roundness of tone, yet, both in rapidity of execution and in what a romantic novelist might call "melting pathos," she can easily take her place by the side of man, where she so much likes to be.

Nor is there any reason why she should not take her place there. About the propriety of ladies playing the violin a good deal *used* to be said, but nowadays—Mrs. Grundy being almost effete—we have got the length of ignoring propriety on a point of this kind. As a matter of fact the practice—in England at any rate—is old enough. Mr. Haweis has reminded us that on the painted roof of Peterborough Cathedral, said to be not later than 1194, is depicted a female figure seated and holding on her lap a kind of viol with four strings and four sound holes; her left hand grasps the head, while she draws a bow across the strings with her right. From the royal accounts of 1495 we find that "a woman who singeth with a fidell" was paid two shillings, though it is quite evident that in those days woman had not obtained her "rights," for the same accounts reveal that the Queen's "male fideler" was paid at thirteen times the rate of the lady. The unfortunate Anne of Cleves after her divorce from Henry VIII. sometimes amused herself by playing on a sort of viol with six strings and frets, and what she did other ladies no doubt did. In the reign of Charles I. the viol was a favourite instrument with the fair sex, and, according to a ballad of the period, a lady's accomplishments were celebrated in this wise:

"She sing and she plays,  
And she knows all the keys  
Of the viol de gamba and lute."

In later times many women have excelled on the violin, and only the other day we had a string orchestra of nearly a hundred lady members drawing a crowd at St. James's Hall. The increased attention of our great musical schools to the instrumental branch of their operation has no doubt led to this result; and so that which twenty years ago would have been met with ridicule is now looked upon as a valuable adjunct in the practice of the art. Hitherto women have been devoted far too exclusively to the pianoforte, but there is now open to them not only a much wider field of music, but a way of remunerative employment far less restricted than that which they have so far followed.

A complete orchestra composed *entirely* of ladies is, however, a desideratum which no lover of the beautiful in woman or in music can conscientiously hope for. There is something

pretty, as we have already remarked, in seeing young ladies playing the violin; but, oh, imagine the damsel of your affections playing, say, the bassoon! The reddened visage and the inflated cheeks would render the otherwise fair one as unsentimental as a ruddled turnip or an indiarubber ball, and the fragile image of your fancy would vanish as swiftly as the dew on a summer morning. Or—as someone has already pictured—think of your maiden aunt studying the ophicleide in the seclusion of her chamber, or your prettiest daughter pinching her pouting lips upon the mouth of the trombone! The mere idea is dreadful, and it is only a little less so in regard to other wind instruments, such as the flute, the oboe, and the clarinet. It is true that the Pyramids give evidence of the existence of female flautists in ancient Egypt; but there is as little reason for following the Egyptian ladies in this particular as there would be in our duds denuding themselves of their moustaches because the Greek gods wore no upper lip covering. No; if women—that is beautiful women—want to play wind instruments, they must stick to drums. Otherwise, like proper, straight-laced damsels, let them hold fast by strings.

But the great point to be dwelt upon by one who dares to write about woman and music is the part which she has taken—or has *not* taken—in the work of original composition. Well, *apropos* of this, the present writer turns up a certain page in his "Commonplace Book"—wonderful assistance, that book, sometimes!—and there he finds the following quotation from an old *Westminster Review* article by Henry F. Chorley, the erstwhile musical critic for the *Athenaeum*. Says the said Henry Fothergill: "It is remarkable that, whereas there have been, and at this moment exist, women distinguished in astronomical discovery, in logarithmic calculation, in political economy, in natural history; that whereas, in poetry, fiction, and the belles lettres, the sex have shown a feeling, a fancy, and an invention peculiar to themselves, there cannot yet be adduced one solitary instance of a woman achieving any universal reputation in the science of musical composition, which beyond all other might seem calculated to attract her in her leisure hours." This was decided enough, but what apology is to be made for the late Dr. Hullah, who followed up the quotation by remarking: "He might have added that there could not be adduced one solitary instance of woman achieving any original reputation even in musical performance?" What an "original" reputation may be is not very clear, but Hullah's meaning is plain enough, and it is sufficient to say of his remark that it has long since been proved untrue.

As to this matter of woman and composition, however, what is to be said? Some of her critics want to make out with old Owen Feltham that "no woman hath a soul"; others declare that her vacillating, undecided spirit is against her success as a composer; one writer remarks that a female Beethoven is impossible because no woman can ever have the physical strength which must be co-existent with such a genius; while another writer, shrewder than all the rest, puts forward love and matrimony as being so all-engrossing to woman that she has no time or thought left for anything else. For the husband it is, perhaps, preferably so. If he has a musical wife he will certainly be far better pleased, on returning home, to find his dinner ready than to be asked, instead of dining, to listen to a sonata or a symphony which may have engaged his wife's attention all day.

There is really something in this latter view. A girl will assiduously practise the piano or the violin so long as that will assist her in



fascinating her suitors. But how many women continue their practice and their study of music after marriage? Not many, and for a very good reason. Pope said that the proper study of mankind is man, and the married woman finds the study "proper" enough to employ most of her time and consideration. Complete devotion to abstract theories is absolutely necessary to the discovery of original ideas, and as women are "rarely able or willing to emerge from the haunts of personal emotion," they have achieved greatness in hardly any art but fiction, which is chiefly concerned with personal emotion. It has often been remarked as curious, that, while we have many talented lady performers, even the best of them seldom learn to improvise in an interesting manner. A malicious bachelor has suggested that if in teaching harmony the chords were called "Charlie" and "William," instead of tone and dominant, women would soon learn to extemporise charmingly, but we decline to join with one who takes so Oriental a view of the destiny of woman as subservient to man.

As a matter of fact, however, the world is not and has not been so destitute of lady-composers as some would have us believe. It is true we have had no female Bach, no Handel, no Beethoven, no Mozart; but we have certainly had many female composers of undoubted merit, and the time is as certainly coming when we shall have many more, and of a far higher standard than has ever yet been witnessed. For remember that in the days of the great masters, and even up almost to our own day, music was never made with women the serious study that it was made with men. Girls have dallied enough in all times with keys and strings, but that was not the way by which alone the men prepared themselves for an exacting art. Look at the case of Mendelssohn and his sister Fanny. The biographers are united in their testimony that the lady had the finer musical organization, and was supposed in early years to offer the greater musical promise. But what happened? Why, this: the training of both gradually diverged—stopped short, in fact, with the girl, while the boy was encouraged and assisted by every available means. As a lady writer has remarked, it is only those who have penetrated no farther than the threshold of musical science who can suppose that the construction of great works is the outcome merely of imaginative impulse. It needs but a glance at the lives of the musical composers to assure us that the high gift, generally hereditary, always fostered by active care and congenial surroundings, exacts for its full fruition a degree of detachment from the common concerns of life which would be sure to overwhelm the solicitous soul of many a woman with the obloquy it would bring upon her. But we are gradually getting over all this nowadays, and surely enough we may say with the poet that in music, as in other things, "Woman's best is unbegun, her advent yet to come."

## Music in Board Schools.

IN connection with our series of articles on this subject it is pleasing to be able to record a successful performance of a little cantata, entitled "Westward Ho!" by the boys of Eltringham Street Board School, Wandsworth, on Tuesday evening, May 30. Mr. Dean conducted, and the work was repeated the following evening. Both concerts were highly successful and reflect the highest credit on those in charge of the musical affairs of the school.

## A Little Parable for the Present Day.

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Office of the *Daily* —, August 5, 1896.

OUR readers will remember that a few years ago there was an immense craze about "prodigies." A child of, we believe, ten years made a sensation by playing some difficult pieces fairly well. Then a child rather younger was brought forward to play rather more difficult pieces. So the game went on, each fresh prodigy younger than the last, each playing more difficult compositions, until in 1893 the limit seemed to be reached. Otto Hegner was then a young man, although still dressed, and very ridiculously, in boyish garb. Poor young Hoffmann, after producing a fortune for those who "ran" him, had retired into "private life," leaving the triumphs of the concert-platform for the amusements of a harmless imbecility. In 1893, then, the field was clear, and a little girl of eight, who came from Poland, brought infant-phenomenalism to its high-water mark. Our readers may still remember her young face and old eyes. Her name was Zolskofski. She played Chopin as no one under thirty years of age ought to be able to play him, with a terribly morbid insight into the mysteries of adult passion. Her hand was too small for octaves, but even when Liszt's rhapsodies were whittled away to suit her she made an immense effect with them. We need not describe her further; our readers will be quite well aware to whom we refer. She played for a time, and then suddenly ceased to play. A paragraph was sent to the press; it stated that Rachel Zolskofski had retired temporarily from public life to continue her studies under Paderewski. He, when questioned, knew nothing of the matter.

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A correspondent who has been making holiday in Poland, wrote us the other day to this effect (his letter is dated July 27, 1896): "I do not propose to give you any account of my numerous adventures and misadventures with customs officers, police, railway officials, and so on. Suffice it that I reached in turn the various towns I wanted to dredge for material for my new 'Life of Chopin.' Suffice it also that though I let down my apparatus in likely and unlikely places, little came up but mud, with which, contrary to the custom of biographers, I propose not to bespatter the subject of my book. My labours accomplished, I set to work seriously to enjoy myself. The people of Poland I knew—for I had read all previous biographers of Chopin—to be a romantic people, passionately attached to their country, incapable of thoughts or actions of a degraded kind. Alas, I never found the people of Poland! The people I found, and found everywhere, were the lowest order of stupid (and dirty) peasantry. They cheated me when they could, hadn't an idea in their heads, and certainly didn't want to 'free their country.' I had imagined a piano in every humble cot, and on every piano a copy of Chopin's works, well-thumbed and stained with heart-felt tear-drops. I was disillusioned; there were no pianos; and when I tried to find out from a villager if there was such an instrument in the neighbourhood, all he could gather of my meaning was that I needed a four-wheel chaise. But as I travelled on, now walking, now going on wheels, and occasionally making use of the railway line, I came across rumours

of a village further west, where there was a piano, and a girl, moreover, who could play it.

"As I neared the village the rumour took form, and I soon was in no doubt that the girl was the famous Rachel Zolskofski of four summers ago. One thing I could not understand: everyone referred to the girl as having been a notable player, but for some reason not understood by them she appeared to have almost ceased to play. I leisurely strolled into the village of X—last Sunday afternoon about five o'clock. The July sun burned fiercely on the cottageroofs; hardly a breath of wind stirred the leaves of the trees; the herbage was dry and withered; every window-blind in the one street constituting the village was drawn. So deserted did the place seem, that the inn was verily an oasis in Sahara, and I'm afraid I was quite as pleased to see my greasy host as he professed to be to see me.

"After washing and refreshing the bodily frame, I made the usual inquiries as to what was going forward. As I spoke the bell of the little church began to toll, or rather to tinkle. Mine host pointed up the street, and black specks against the fast-setting sun took shape—a funeral procession. It came nearer, and passed. The face and figure of the chief-mourner seemed familiar to me. Curious, yet unwilling to appear too much so, I followed at some distance behind the procession, and only joined it at the graveside. The dead was evidently a child, and the familiar chief-mourner the father. He shed tears as the earth covered the coffin, and appeared deeply distressed. As the crowd was about to disperse I came away, but stood again by the door of my inn to watch the procession repass, and see whether I could remember who the father was, his name, and where I had met him. He seemed to know me; after looking puzzled for a few moments he left the procession and, coming forward, held out both hands, saying (in a broken English which I will not attempt to reproduce), 'My friend, you heard my daughter play in London some years ago: that was my hour of triumph, but now—' and he burst into fresh tears. Somewhat moved I shook hands; I remembered him—the father of little Rachel Zolskofski. After he regained his composure a little I endeavoured to soothe him. But 'No,' he said, 'I cannot be comforted. For three years have I hoped to see her get back her strength, and—this is the end.' 'I heard,' was my next remark, 'that she had gone to study with Paderewski.' 'Oh, no! no! She broke down—broke down here,' he said, pointing to his forehead. I understood. Like young Hoffmann, her nerve-power had been drained in childhood, and she had become imbecile. 'Every day,' he continued, 'I kept her at the piano many hours, so that when her power returned she could again conquer as of old she did.'

"I did not quite understand why he should be so grieved by his loss, when his own words seemed to indicate that his treatment had killed the child. Presently I understood. I said a few sympathetic words, that 'he would treasure the memory of such a daughter, and had perhaps other little ones remaining.' 'Ah, yes!' he replied; 'we will long remember her. In two years I made £9,000 by her, after expenses were paid. But never shall I see such another child! I have, as you say kindly, other little ones, but not one worth half so much as Rachel. Yet I don't know,' he added musingly, and wiping away his tears, 'there's little Franz—he might be worth money as a prodigy violinist. I must see if anything can be done with him. Good-bye, my friend; God bless you for your kindly words to me in my affliction. Good-bye.'

## In the Back Office.

THE JUNIOR CLERK. Seen "I Pagliacci?"  
OUR CRITIC (*curtly*). Yes.  
THE JUNIOR CLERK. Jolly—ain't it?  
OUR CRITIC. Why, now, what is there so "jolly"?

THE JUNIOR CLERK. Well, you know, the tunes, and the two stages one inside the other, and all the knife-sticking at the finish, you know.

OUR CRITIC. And that's "jolly"?

THE CYNIC. Leave the youth alone. He'll make his mark as a musical critic; he goes with the popular taste, and is sublimely unconscious of his own vulgarity—

THE JUNIOR CLERK. None of that now. You sit there like a god with his hair curled, and anything you don't like is "vulgar."

THE CYNIC (*sighs*). Ah!

THE JUNIOR CLERK. You may well be abashed. After all we can't *all* have your elevated tastes: if there were no people to like "I Pagliacci," who would you look down on? There must be all sorts.

THE CYNIC (*sighs again*). There must! If there were no burglars to steal, who would the police catch?

OUR CRITIC. Who would they fail to catch? you mean. But burgling isn't surely to be compared with liking "I Pagliacci"—at least, I should say—

THE CYNIC. Don't apologize. It isn't. Yet see how many are sent to prison for the lesser crime!

OUR LIVE DICTIONARY. After we spoke last month of calling on Mozart, the thought struck me that perhaps the great composers of last century were like the great composers of this.

OUR IDEALIST. The "great" composers of this?

OUR LIVE DICTIONARY (*startled*). Why not?

OUR IDEALIST. I hadn't heard of them. Never mind, excuse me—go on, please.

OUR LIVE DICTIONARY. I always deplore the fact that most of the great men of this day are so very like great tradesmen. You rarely hear of them doing a kind thing: you often hear of the contrary. And if Mozart in heaven were like one of them, and heard you had come all the way from earth to kiss his hand, he would refuse to see you, just to show how busy he was!

(*Pause for reflection.*)

THE CYNIC. The interviewer hadn't been invented in Mozart's day: perhaps he would see you!

OUR IDEALIST (*hastily*). No, that isn't it. Upstarts are always bumptious. The great ones of the past floated up—

THE JUNIOR CLERK. By the excessive lightness of their heads!—

OUR IDEALIST. Rose to the top naturally, I say, because of the irresistible soaring power of their genius. They took their places as a king takes his throne. They knew their own value, and needed not assume airs. They never had to pretend to be "excessively occupied," like the composer of to-day, who sits in a back-room, poor devil, whilst his message is delivered, chewing his nails, fretting himself to death for want of a job. Ah, give me the old days and the old ways!

THE REPUBLICAN. Pooh!

THE CYNIC. There's depth of scorn in that!

OUR LIVE DICTIONARY. My reading doesn't go to prove that the old days and ways were better than the new. Certainly the "old-estab-

lished" firms are better—I mean in respect of politeness. An ancient firm like Messrs. Broadwood treat you with kindness, if all you want is to trouble them to show you an old harpsichord. Go to a raw new firm, and the treatment you get is in proportion to the profit on your order.

OUR CRITIC. Fie! Comparisons are odious.

THE CYNIC. Yes, to those who suffer by them. Our Dictionary has shown his accustomed learning, besides unaccustomed perspicuity in these remarks.

THE JUNIOR CLERK. I get into a row every time I begin, so I must ask leave before putting a flippant question.

THE CYNIC. My boy, try to be flippant, and you will be serious, and interest us. It's when you try to be serious you become flippant, and annoy us. Go on.

THE JUNIOR CLERK. Well, how long will Paderewski remain popular after he becomes bald?

OUR LIVE DICTIONARY. Heavens!

THE CYNIC. You've asked a serious question, and I'll give you a serious answer: I don't know.

OUR CRITIC. I don't know either. Sometimes when listening to him I've wondered whether, like Samson, his strength lay in his hair, or we only thought so. Paderewski dominates us by his personality—of which his hair is one outward and visible sign. Whether in the absence of that sign we should fail to recognise what it signifies is a question indeed. Still, I can't help thinking that if he played in a dark hall—like a spirit *séance*—he would be just as popular as now, when his flamboyant poll distracts our attention from his playing.

OUR IDEALIST. He would be more popular. Mystery is dear to the average damsel. Beethoven, Liszt, and Paderewski, under the auspices of Maskelyne and Cook, would, indeed, be an attraction.

THE CYNIC. You must remember he has advertized the hair, and the hair him. Even if he played in the dark, we all know it's there, as "George," in *Our Mutual Friend*, says of the lady's petticoat.

OUR LIVE DICTIONARY. It's sad to think that most great interpretative artists have something of the great humbug, the mountebank, in them. The divine Sarah raging about a hairpin, Rubinstein smashing a grand in playing a Mozart sonatina, Irving's utterance, and Paderewski's hair, are all instances of the mountebank topping the artist.

OUR CRITIC. Individuality is the order of the day. To isolate yourself from the herd, and stand clear and distinct, a definite personality visible to all men, you must have peculiarities, and exaggerate them.

THE JUNIOR CLERK. In a word, you must advertize your "salient features." I asked my question because I've always regarded Paderewski's aureole as a "pure ad."

OUR CRITIC. You expressed what we were all thinking. Nevertheless, be careful. Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

THE CYNIC. And often the fools are right.

## Music at Bristol.

June, 1893.

THE annual ladies' night of the Bristol Madrigal Society is a reunion always anticipated with pleasure; and the programme presented this year at the Victoria Rooms was replete with interesting items. The reputation of the choir, assisted by one or two well-known voices from London,

Cambridge, etc., was more than sustained, in many ways a marked improvement being noticeable, compared with the performance of 1892.

Professor Riseley's Society of Instrumentalists gave their annual concert at the Colston Hall in the early days of May, and continue to show great progress.

Two successful concerts, instituted by Professor Riseley, in aid of the Great Western Colliery disaster, have also been given. The celebrated Welsh choir under the leadership of the veteran "Caradoc," and also the members of the Bristol Orpheus Glee Society, took part.

A moderate audience assembled in Colston Hall on the occasion of the third and last Subscription Orchestral Concert of this season, the chief attraction being the "Emperor" Concerto, Mr. Leonard Borwick taking the solo instrument. The interpretation which this work received was exceedingly fine, the magnificent movements being treated in a highly satisfactory manner, and once more setting forth the power, so closely linked with the sweetest delicacy and refinement of touch, of Mr. Borwick. It would be difficult to individualise as to which of the three movements afforded the greatest pleasure, each in its turn being warmly received. Throughout the opening movement it seemed, at times, as though the piano and orchestra were not absolutely in tune—a defect which, if it existed, was quickly rectified in the succeeding numbers. Mr. Borwick also contributed pianoforte solos—Prelude from "Suite Anglaise," Bach; Schumann's "Nachtstück," in F major; and a Caprice in E flat, Paganini-Liszt—all of which fully showed the talent of the young artiste. The vocalist was Miss Agnes Janson, whose rendering of Saint-Saëns' grand aria "Mon cœur s'ouvre" ("Samson et Dalila"), as well as songs by Grieg and Bezer, was exceptionally pleasing. Of the orchestral work performed, a "Sinfonietta" by Schumann (overture, scherzo, and finale, Op. 52)—heard for the first time in Bristol—a Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 4, in D minor, Liszt, and the popular overture to "Ruy Blas," were each given with care.

The concluding concert of the series, given by Miss Lock, afforded the opportunity of hearing Dvorák's Quintet in A, Op. 81, for piano, two violins, viola, and 'cello—a work new to the majority of musical people in Bristol. Beethoven's string Quartet, No. 5, Op. 18, was also performed, the programme including, as well, a sonata for piano and 'cello, the Allegro from Paganini's First Concerto, played by Mr. Carrington; whilst Miss Lock contributed in her well-known style an Allegro Cantabile by Walter Macfarren, and Mendelssohn's Scherzo in E minor, Op. 160. Miss Jennie Dutton was the vocalist, the songs chosen being Glück's "Che Faro," Goring-Thomas' "A Summer Night," and "The Enchantress," Hatton.

With this concert the musical season of 1892-93 may be said to have come to an end, and a short retrospect will not therefore be out of place. Much useful work has been done by the various societies, and the enterprising individual musicians who dwell in our midst. To each and all of these the hearty thanks of Bristolians should be accorded. Many works have been presented here for the first time. The Subscription Orchestral Concerts have proved a source of infinite pleasure to many, and it is gratifying to hear that the support extended to the society has enabled them to make arrangements for a second series of concerts towards the end of the present year, when further novelties are promised. The resumption of the different chamber concerts is anticipated with pleasure, whilst the most prominent gathering of all will be the Bristol Triennial Festival.

STUDENTS have many difficulties to overcome in their studies, and in "getting on," and often advice from experienced people might be useful, though of course it would never be taken. Still, as we are desirous of making the *Magazine of Music* as useful as possible, we hereby declare our willingness to give such advice as we can, by letter in reply to letters containing stamped and addressed envelopes, and in the pages of the *Magazine* in reply to others, if the queries are of general interest. All letters should be brief, and to the point.



## English National Opera.

WHEN Mr. D'Oyly Carte's big scheme collapsed and the building was turned into a music-hall, we were told that we were too unmusical ever to have or deserve a National Opera. That is a question which I do not propose to go into here. A more important point is, Has English opera ever had a chance? Suppose Mr. D'Oyly Carte, instead of building a "Royal English" opera-house, had floated a company for the purpose of retailing (at high prices) sour-kraut, or the food of Humboldt's Orinoco Indians, pipe-clay, would the name "The English National Food Company (Limited)" have accurately described that company and its function? Yet that is a fair analogy to the course pursued with regard to opera, both by Mr. Carte and by the late Mr. Carl Rosa before him. Neither went to work the right way. Both ordered "English" operas from composers of various nationalities. With one exception, the works supplied to their orders were not English in subject; in none of them was there shown the smallest degree of English spirit; without exception, the music was in structure, form, and feeling (when there was any feeling) thoroughly German. Moreover, except to remote and more or less dangerous parts of their theatres, the prices of admission were so high that to only a few, the rich namely, were the performances accessible. Whatever else national opera may be, surely it should possess some national characteristics, surely it should be accessible to a not-inconceivably small fraction of the nation! My sour-kraut or pipe-clay company would fail because it would not supply a real national want and because its prices would limit its customers to the rich few. Is it not possible that for the same reasons English national opera has so far been a failure?

Anyhow, we know it has so far been a failure. For this failure either English audiences or English operas are responsible. Instead of deciding too hastily that it is entirely one or the other, let us first find out more precisely what we understand by National Opera, that is, define the term. Then we shall be in a position to consider the claims of such works as Mr. Carte produced to the name "national." If the claims are vindicated, it must be admitted that the look-out for the future of English music is bad indeed. If, on the other hand, they are found wanting, we may with lightened hearts proceed to the more cheerful task of discovering the conditions necessary for the growth and healthy continuance of an English opera. It is evidently impossible to prophesy concerning the exact form in which will be manifested complex human forces of uncertain amount and direction. As will presently be seen, the most effective mode of defining English national opera, and a method sufficiently accurate for the purpose of this article, will be to indicate a few essential and dominant qualities of national opera in general and then to proceed to mark off, so far as is possible, the English from other varieties.

In the first place, let us be agreed that by opera we mean serious opera: an expression by the composer of the highest and deepest and noblest thought and passion in him, a gathering into one focus of all the beautiful he has dis-

cerned in human and external nature. Let us be agreed that the Gilbert-Sullivan comic operas and other popular productions are not operas in our use of the word, for their purpose is not artistic, but antipathetic to that—commercial. Such works are, confessedly, cunning manufactures turned out by highly-skilled workmen, whose sole object is, for a consideration, to amuse, not to elevate and ennoble. Earnest artistic purpose we must regard as one, if not the, essential quality of national opera.

Now, the word "national" has only one meaning. When we speak, rightly or wrongly, of shop-keeping as our national calling, of horse-racing as our national amusement, we mean a calling or amusement common to the whole, or, at any rate, a large majority of the individuals who in the mass are named the English nation. And if national opera means anything, it means opera common to—that is, practised or enjoyed by—a whole nation. But we have not yet taken the whole meaning of the word. Besides meaning that the thing called national is common to one nation, we imply that it is not common, nor likely to become common, to other nations. The truth of this implied meaning, when speaking of national vocation, recreation, food, dress, needs no proof. And surely the differences of character which show themselves in these will be shown in an even more marked manner in national opera, or, indeed, any national art. Calling, recreation, dress, food—these may be forced on a nation by peculiarities of situation, soil, climate. But before an art can become national, it must be acceptable; to be acceptable, it must be an expression of those deepest thoughts and feelings of the nation, which, by their strength and frequency, constitute, together with the actions they prompt, the national character. An art which is not this, which is an expression of something not felt, nor capable of being felt, by the nation to which it is presented, will give no satisfaction and will never be acceptable. So long as different nations have different modes of life, different feelings, different ideals, so long will these different modes of life, feelings, and ideals find expression in different forms and characters of art. The artist is one of his nation; in him the national characteristics of thought and feeling are exaggerated, intensified; his life is an epitome of the nation's life; in his work the national life will find its completest interpretation. Proportionately to the fulness with which he expresses himself will his work (ultimately) be acceptable to his nation. It follows also that in proportion to that fulness of expression and to the unlikeness of the habitual thoughts and feelings of his nation to those of other nations will his work be unacceptable to those other nations. The art of one nation may be even repugnant to another, as, for instance, Hindoo music to Europeans, and *vice versa*.

We have now got as net result the definition that national opera is opera acceptable to a whole nation. But this may be somewhat narrowed. If it is to be acceptable to a whole nation, evidently the whole nation—not certain classes only—must have access to it. The prices of admission must bring it "within reach of the poorest," for the poorest form a large portion of every nation. National opera, then, is opera acceptable and accessible to a whole nation.

Without stopping at present to see whether or not English operas of the past have fulfilled these necessary conditions, let us seek some characteristics which may be expected to distinguish English from other national opera. To do this, let us note, step by step, in what respects an opera likely to be acceptable to the

English will differ from some already accepted form, and in what direction these differences will lie. It will be admitted that between the English and German characters there are considerable divergences, and that these divergences will be manifested in the respective arts of the two nations. There does exist a German national opera, acceptable and accessible to the great mass of the German people—the opera of Gluck, Mozart, and Weber. To take this as our "standard" entails very considerable advantages. Art is a continuous evolution. Its beginnings are prehistoric, but since the first records of it we know the work of development has been handed on from nation to nation, almost without a break. A new art-form is never invented whole; it is invariably the result of a nation borrowing, and modifying to suit its own needs, the older form of some earlier nation. The development of art, like all other development, proceeds along the line of least resistance. Always the form best suited to the requirements, and needing least alteration, is taken up. All English operas hitherto produced have been imitations of the German form. But if there exists no true English national opera, it is certain that, to get it, we must take the German form and adapt it to our wants, for that is the form wherein has found completest expression the life of the nation more nearly resembling the English than any other which exists or has existed. Knowing this, we may place our pencil at the point where development will commence and, according to our knowledge of the German and English national characters, draw a more or less accurate line in the direction which that development may be expected to take.

An English national opera, then, may differ from the German.

First, in dramatic form. Every past nation has possessed its peculiar form of dramatic art, specially adapted to the expression of its individuality: the Greeks the old music-drama, the Italians the opera, the Spanish and French the drama of intrigue, the English the historical play and Punch and Judy show. Even the gladiatorial exhibition was a species of drama, congenial to Roman tastes. All later European forms are mainly derived from the Greek; yet how wide the chasm between the "Antigone" of Sophocles and a Gaiety burlesque! Who would dream that that Gaiety burlesque, Beethoven's "Fidelio," and an Oberammergau Passion-play have indeed a common ancestor? A borrowed form, in process of adaptation to a nation's needs, may be modified beyond recognition, modified until, practically, a new form is created. Unrequired parts dwindle away, whilst parts originally insignificant may receive abnormal development. Let us seek to establish some connection between national character and national dramatic form by noting a few of the transformations through which the old Greek music-drama has passed during the last twenty centuries, and how these transformations correspond to certain elements in the characters of the nations who worked them out.

To the old emotional Greeks, filled with the love and joy of life, filled, too, with a sense of the terror and mystery of it; saddened and perplexed by the workings of fate as manifested in the strange destiny of man (all unknowable save that death and darkness seemed the end), yet upborne by the determination to live, or die, heroically, with spirit undefeated; it was sufficient to place before these men a few scenes from the life of a typical man harried by fate, yet doing heroic battle against it, and their emotions were aroused to the highest pitch. They were enormously emotional, and in their drama, poetry, and music the very voice of emotion played an important part. There was



little action, as we use the word. The sense that his heroism set him above the very forces which destroyed him gave to the Greek a dignity which made him detest bustle and fussiness. He would have none of it on his stage. But there is no stagnation. We *feel* the action in every line of the choruses which connect the scenes. We may say that the Greeks, a perfectly balanced people, the intellectual and emotional equally developed, had in their drama a correspondingly perfect form, a form in which there is nothing wanting, nothing superfluous. To the early Christians profound artistic purpose was nothing, for they had no emotion to express. Love and joy of life were sinful. To them life presented no perplexing riddles, they had no sympathy with suffering and defeat. Whosoever would be saved, before all things it was necessary that he held the Catholic faith. It was only necessary to turn from earthly things and implicitly believe certain dogmas. At this time, then, the dramatic and reflective portions of the drama were dropped. Only the spectacular element was retained for the purpose of impressing dogmas on the memory of the ignorant. For the earnestness, truth, and emotional power of the old form were substituted crude but vivid enough representations of Biblical events. The music-drama was transformed into the mystery. And we should note that the men who effected this change, who thus robbed drama of its essential purpose, the expression of truths which can only be felt, were men destitute of emotion. We need not follow all the vicissitudes through which drama passed. Skipping a thousand years of mysteries, miracles, moralities, and masques, we find the Greek drama being revived at the end of the sixteenth century in Italy. Quickly Italian careless light-heartedness, lack of depth and love of mere prettiness, were asserted. The dramatic and choral elements awakened no response, and fell into disuse. But the declamation and dancing were developed until the Italian nature found its full expression in the pretty ballet-airs and shallow verbosity of Auber, Bellini, and Rossini. In Germany the religious enthusiasm aroused by Luther found utterance in another mutilated form of music-drama, oratorio, a direct descendant of the mystery. The oratorio is music-drama shorn of action and scenic representation, but with the reflective portions, the choruses, and declamation very highly developed. Later, again, when the religious force was spent and Italian culture began to influence the German nation, Italian opera was taken up and adapted to German reflectiveness, German seriousness, and German lack of humour, and thus German opera was evolved. In England the musical element was never introduced into drama at all. English love of spectacle, of action, of excitement, found a sufficient satisfaction in the vigour and bustle of the historical play.

Let us apply what may be learnt by consideration of these facts. The English are dramatic as compared with the Germans, who are musical; immediate action is as natural to them as mysticism and dreaminess to the Germans; they have a considerable appreciation of the humorous. How will these qualities affect the dramatic form of their opera?

Well, I think we may reasonably infer that an English opera will be concerned more with the dramatic element, and less with the purely musical, than the German. It seems certain that opera fitted to arouse noblest English feeling to the highest pitch will be full of action, that the action will never be impeded for the sake of a bravura air or novel ballet. It is certain that English humour will drive off the stage with roars of laughter many incongruities

and conventions present in the German form. In short, an opera acceptable to the whole English people must be more sweetly reasonable than that German form; the form must be determined not by the music, but by the course of the drama; it must be divided, not into solos, choruses, etc., but into dramatic situations. And this is all that need be said about dramatic form.

Secondly, in choice and literary treatment of subject. Warlike nations have always loved tales of war; the Spanish appreciate stories of intrigue and treachery; nothing so appealed to what was good and bad in the individualistic, money-making, shopkeeping, Philistine British of forty years ago as Dickens' sentimental biographies of upright young men who wear silk hats, go to church regularly (or, at least, trouble little about religious matters), and who invariably rise before the close of the last chapter to wealth, worldly position, and matrimony. Coming to the various kinds of stories on which operas have been built, we find the Italians well pleased with any piece of pointless folly which served as a basis for a series of pretty airs and ballet-tunes. Of the French the same may be said, except that they require in addition a little tawdry glitter and a trifle of the obscene. German mysticism, as well as German dulness and want of humour, made the story of Mozart's "Zauberflöte" acceptable; to the German romanticists such wild absurdities as the books of "Oberon," "Euryanthe," and "Freischütz" were eminently satisfactory. In short, we find that every nation has its favourite type of story as well as its favourite dramatic form; that the dramatic form does not receive more alteration in its journeyings from one nation to another than does the material of the form, the story. The same original legend may be moulded into widely different shapes. Compare, for instance, Tennyson's "Last Tournament" with Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde," Tennyson's "Holy Grail" with Wagner's "Parsifal," Wagner's treatment of the Valsung legend with William Morris's and Ibsen's, Goethe's with Marlowe's or Gounod's "Faust."

It follows from what has been said anent dramatic form that in an English opera the story will be of supreme interest. The story will therefore receive more attention, and English literary culture will demand that it be finely told, that the manner as well as the matter be beautiful; the words as well as the music and dramatic arrangement of an English opera must be artistic. In no way will the difference between German and English national opera be more marked than in this: that the librettos of the former were written by the scum of literary hacks, whereas the highest artistic power must be devoted to the production of those of the latter. If it cannot be prophesied that a certain type of story will be exclusively used, at least we may be sure that certain types will be rigidly "barred." English leaning towards drama, English directness and love of action, English literary culture and humour, all alike will tend to prevent the resurrection for operatic purposes of such concoctions as "Don Giovanni" or "Euryanthe." Moreover, when these operas were produced they satisfied a national want. But the times have changed. The feelings of that day are not the feelings of this. If opera is to get a deep and a strong hold on the English people it must deal with the deepest thoughts and intensest feelings of this time. Otherwise it will remain what it is at present—a mere toy for the frivolous. I leave it to more imaginative spirits to speculate on the exact matters with which it will be concerned. But I venture to suggest that if an English opera were produced to-morrow it could not leave untouched the

questions which now agitate the thinking and feeling world: the tragedy of woman's life, the tragedy of man's life also, and the longing of both for the larger freedom; the ancient, ever-fresh puzzle of free-will *versus* necessity, the mystery of fate and of the destinies of the individual and of the race, the greater mystery of the world and human existence; in fact, all the old, old questions which arise, like the ghost of her whom *Œdipus* overcame, to startle every generation. Nor do I think Art is degraded by treating such matters, provided always that Art remains the master, not the servant. Of Art as servant we have a sufficient warning in the pictures of Holman Hunt and Madox Brown, in many of the writings of John Ruskin. But Ibsen has practically shown that, with Art as master, such commonplace matters as women's rights, socialism, free-will *versus* necessity, and that most terrible manifestation of the working of fate, heredity, can be dealt with emotionally and made beautiful.

Last, in the music. Music is perhaps a universal language, or nearly universal. But it is certain that differences of dialect do, and for some time will, exist; and that the English dialect will be sweet to the English, the German to the German. For music is the very voice of emotion, and until the Englishman and the German feel alike neither can have his deepest emotions aroused by the music of the other, which will therefore fall short of giving perfect satisfaction. It would be easy to say that English music must be more direct, less mystical, more or less this, that, or the other than German; but it seems to me that the differences will be most marked in the qualities that are undefinable in words. One can feel that this phrase of Weber's



and this of Schubert's,



though in marked contrast with each other, are both thoroughly German. Had Shakespeare expressed himself in music, he never could have written them. In contrast to these, Shakespeare, Turner, Milton, even old *Æschylus*, might have uttered this:



How Scotch in feeling is this of MacCunn!



how purely English this of Marshall-Hall!



All that can be said is that English music must possess the subtle qualities necessary to make it acceptable to the English people. That is to say—remembering the nature and function of music—that truly English music can only be produced by an Englishman, a consummate musician, thinking the noblest thoughts and ex-



perceiving the deepest emotions of the English; he, taking the musical structures and forms of Beethoven and Bach, as Goethe took the dramatic form and structure of Shakespeare, will produce English music, replete with English feeling—music which will act like magic on the English-speaking nation, to which it will be acceptable.

Before leaving the subject, it may be pointed out that certain characteristics of German music will be absent from English. The canons, fuguetas, meaningless passages in "imitation," all the schoolboy tricks which mar much of the music of Mozart, Haydn, Schumann and Spohr, must be repugnant to the English mind. The same may be said of the word-painting and outline drawing used by Handel, Bach, and even Wagner—sometimes with effect, but generally without it. The lack of humour, the *naïveté*, which permitted these men to write such passages as those in "All we like sheep," "Crucify Him" ("Matthew" Passion), and the lightning figure in "Die Walküre" would be a fatal hindrance to a composer becoming a truly English musician. At best such passages are so much wasted effort, for they convey no meaning to the ear. At worst they are irresistibly ludicrous; as, for instance, when Bach illustrates the words, "As long as God wills," by tying up an unfortunate singer to one note until the verge of exhaustion is reached, and then suddenly knocking her off it. No sane English composer could do this; he could not introduce a trumpet-call into an overture because some jack-in-office might be expected to enter the theatre at that moment; he would not dream of introducing a succession of huge chords in far-fetched reference to some mysterious freemason orgy.

(To be concluded.)

## Too much Music at Sea.

(FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.)

OUR skipper is a great man for musical services, and likes any amount of Moody and Sankey hymns, to which he can play a flute obbligato, so we had enough of that sort of thing to last us for some time. He is aided and abetted by a party of mission folk going out, who have little meetings and expositions on deck every day. The female portion of them are, as usual, "homely." Why is this always so?

Last Friday a concert was given on the main deck. The first part was awfully slow, the singers nervous, and the pianist going about the keyboard at his own sweet will. A company of six ladies took it into their heads to sing "Come, lasses and lads." I don't know why. Then another six essayed a song whereof the title and purport entirely escaped me. The band had the pleasure of accompanying them; but as the vocalists and instrumentalists had different ideas of their own regarding time, and acted on them, the result was presently collapse. Then they dropped the band, and tried the piano, and got through. A man sang "Out on the Deep" fairly well; the part-song "Sweet and low" was good also. But the popular man of the night was a young fellow who sang some "patter" songs to the banjo.

A lovely day was followed by a perfect sunset. Soft masses of cloud were sailing along in a sea of gorgeous colour near the horizon, which graduated into that exquisite opaline tint only

perfectly seen in the tropics—and this again deepened into darkest blue at the zenith, where flashed a diamond point—the evening star. The sea, absolutely calm, with the gentlest heave like a breath, had that wonderful brimming effect as it stretched to the horizon line. The big ship, cutting through the dark blue water at a great rate, throws up sheets of sunny foam, which spread out like delicate lace-work, and finally subsides again into soft blue folds of water.

Anon, the darkness falls quickly, and in the west there is only a glow of deepest orange, against which the floating clouds are sharply defined, while overhead the arch of blue "is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold." Last night a fancy dress ball came off in honour of Crossing the Line. The first class deck was duly covered in all round, and decorated with flags, and lit with electric lamps, etc. Father Neptune had deputed Amphitrite to represent him on this occasion, and the lady looked very well in her robes of sea-green silk, with her masses of golden hair floating loose over her shoulders. She took up her position with her trident, and the motley crowd filed past her—gitanas, milk girls, shepherdesses, etc., with their attendant swains as monks, cowboys, sailors, niggers, Japanese, etc. Our gallant skipper got himself up in a most mysterious rig, with a black-frock coat, black knee-breeches, white stockings, and a sort of gray sash hanging down below his knees. One "gross fat man" was got up as a baby, and most absurd he looked with his bare arms topped with rosettes, and fathoms of pink sash round his voluminous waist. The sports were concluded with another concert, as they called it, but I may simply say that it was absolute cacophony. It is truly awful to sit here in the evening and be deafened by "Salvation" music squalling overhead, and piano banging in front of me, each party trying to outbellow the other with maddening effect. And we have still a Sunday to get through, which I should prefer to spend in the maintop if possible. There they go again, "The Beautiful River," combined with the "Vicar of Bray." Oh, my head, my head! "Hymn 397, please. Chorus, Boys." And now the adjacent babies are determined to have a voice in the general medley.

## Professor Marshall Hall on Mozart.

THE following interesting address was delivered by Professor Marshall Hall during the Mozart Centenary Concert at Melbourne, Australia, last year:

Friends,—It is not meet that to the solemn majestic sounds, echoes of a bygone world, which have to-night lent a dignity and sanctity to this hall, the feeble, insignificant tones of a single human voice should succeed, reminding us that—

"These our actors  
..... were all spirits, and  
Are melted into air, into thin air:  
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;  
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff  
As dreams are made of, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep."

On this day, in every quarter of the civilised globe, representatives of the cultured and intel-

lectual of mankind are met together to do homage to the mighty master who, a hundred years ago, expressed as had never before been expressed, the longings, aspirations, and hopes of the human brotherhood, and who passed away from earth uncared for and unmarked. Indeed, he who suffered all neglect during his short life, when in his grave was diligently patronised by the tongue of calumny. Purity and serenity never lack vilifiers.

The birth and death of genius are the landmarks of time. For not thought, nor action, but feeling, the essence, the beginning of all thought and action, is time's measure. To the feelings alone is revealed the inscrutable unthinkable inner meaning of the universe. He who can understand this much not only *is*, but *lives*. It is the life-work of genius to set down in the miraculous language of art this, the only absolute knowledge. From art, which teaches nothing, everything is to be learnt.

A great man's biography is to be profitably perused by the light of his works alone. Would that the same discerning pen which gave to us the only worthy record we possess of the greatest of tone-poets had vouchsafed us a glimpse into the inner life of the "Divine Mozart." Divine indeed! For of all men he most rightly may be called the apostle of joy. The celestial depths of sorrow, from which the sublime creations of Beethoven seem to have flowed, are in Mozart replaced by a serene joy and delight, which colour almost all his works. But his path, as is the case with all genius, lay at an acute angle from that of the world. Though for the first few miles they appeared to run together, and he went on his way singing in the joy of his heart, gradually the widening chasm between his own broad heart and the narrower hearts of his fellow-men forced itself on his notice, and cast a sadness over his soul. Life became lonely and hard for him. With that tendency towards suppression of individuality which is characteristic of this age, those on whom he was forced to rely for support were unwilling that he should obey the instincts of his nature. Then, as now, the public were ever endeavouring to force the artist to produce what might satiate its own vulgar sensual taste. It was Mozart's great aim during the concluding portion of his life to obtain a sufficient regular income to enable him to develop his powers to their utmost. And this, which has been held up by Jesus of Nazareth as the chief duty of life, was denied him by those who did not scruple to take from him all that his fertile brain could produce. We may usefully centre our attention on the important principle here involved, as our greatest men have spent their lives in upholding it.

The full and adequate realisation of his individuality is the highest and noblest achievement of man—an achievement which requires the most courage, perseverance, and self-denial. Paradoxical as it may seem, that of all things which it is most difficult to be is one's self. Moreover, it is hardly possible for any one man to realise his own individuality, so long as the artificial circumstances of life are of such a nature as to prohibit his fellow-men doing the like. Thus the individualist is also the socialist, using this term in a broad sense.

Genius is the champion of individualism. For the whole life of the man of genius is a desperate struggle to assert, and obtain recognition of, his right to be himself; to live his own life, think his own thoughts, utter his own soul. The multitude (which consists of people of all ranks, and by no means especially of the "lower" classes), having no thoughts, no soul, and scarcely even a life of its own, being a creature of halt and blind tradition,



resents this self-assertion, which renders its own incapacity so unpleasantly evident, and cries in wrath to the artist: "You shall not be yourself, you shall be a part of us. You shall compose only such music as our ears can hear, paint only such pictures as our eyes can see, write only such literature as our intelligence can grasp. We will not be made to think. We never have troubled ourselves with thinking, and we will not begin now. We are bored, and God made you to amuse us."

The different forms of Governments are but shadows of the human will. When did a shadow ever succeed in changing that which cast it? To better the world, the will must be purified in every individual. This *should* be the aim of education. An educated man has but few needs, and procures the greatest happiness at the least cost. He who for threepence can converse at his liking with Shakspeare desires not to lay out £50 that he may learn the state of the weather from the lips of a king. For him who can understand Mozart a piano-forte is preferable to a palace. He who should enable the many to understand this would change the world. Genius it is that has raised us from the state of the brute. For this, even if we cannot aspire to partake of his higher nature, let us do him reverence. Thereby we shall cease to be of the vulgar multitude, whose greatest enemies are its flatterers, that fill its mouth with sugar-plums, persuading it of its own wisdom and worthiness, and of the malice and insanity of such as speak the unpalatable truth. "Popular music, popular art," is ever the cry of such parasites. He who would be popular must study the art of lying. He is sure of success. "Cursed be ye when men shall speak well of you!" indignantly exclaimed Jesus of Nazareth.

The effort to be true to himself proved to be more than Mozart's gentle spirit could sustain, and resulted in his early death. The powerful character of Beethoven enabled him to compel the world to recognise his claims, while the force of will by which Richard Wagner burst the trebly-twisted bonds of slavery, after fifty years of unremitting struggle, will cause him to be remembered among the worthiest heroes of the world-saga.

To all artists the example of these and other great poets is a glorious encouragement. For this is life worth living—to conquer, with Wagner; to endure, with Beethoven; to succumb, with Mozart; that not the vile and the false, but the true and noble, be proclaimed in the market-place. It is better to have aroused but one generous emotion in one soul than to have afforded lifelong amusement to a million. To the recognition of these facts is it due that we few, and many others who are with us in spirit, are assembled here to-night to commemorate the death of one of these glorious world-minds, whose body indeed a few poor feet of ground could hide, but whose spirit a hundred years suffice not to contain. It only then remains to be said of him whom we all love and revere that in his works he has disclosed to us never-before-dreamt-of beauties, and has made the good, the pure, the ineffable more real and more lovely to us. Through him we have attained perception of a life-ideal higher than we knew before, and gained courage and power to strive more earnestly and steadfastly towards it. Such was his work. To its accomplishment he sacrificed his life. A nobler work has no man wrought; a fuller sacrifice has no man made. Whom the gods love die young. He rests in peace.



## How to Practise.

—:o:—

OF Miss Elizabeth Reynolds' charming set of little pieces, numbers two and four will be found best suited to younger players. But I will run through them all, giving a few hints as to the best way of practising each. The four innocent introductory bars are by no means so easy as they look. The two notes of the thirds must be of exactly the same quality and strength of tone; that is, the D sharp must not be louder than the B, the C than the E, or *vice versa*. This must be practised assiduously, and will do much to develop little fingers. Then the *crescendo* and *diminuendo* must be smoothly graded. The main difficulty of the piece lies in this, that in the right-hand part the strongest accent occurs regularly at the beginning of each bar, whereas, as in the left, the accents come now on the first beat, then on the second, then on the third. This order is adhered to throughout. The rhythm is complicated, and the playing made more difficult by the fact that each beat of the right-hand part contains a complete rhythm, and must be cut off from the next beat. That means that the right hand is lifted at each crotchet—for only by slightly lifting will the necessary phrasing be got—whilst the left hand is slightly lifted every two crotchets. It will be noticed, however, that the treble rhythm is frequently broken by a slur being extended over a whole bar. Such phrases must be played with a perfectly legato touch for the sake of contrast with the other parts. The *crescendos* and *diminuendos* throughout need most careful practice.

About number two there is not much to say. Be careful not to extend the first crotchet of each bar into a minim; and do not heavily accentuate the third crotchet. If the middle rest is observed the phrasing will be just sufficiently marked.

Number three makes a capital left hand study. The first nine bars should be played repeatedly by the left hand alone. The hand should be loose, and the three notes of each arpeggio of precisely the same strength of tone. The treble is not difficult, but the melody should be sung. The fingering needs to be carefully worked out with the help of a teacher. There is not space to go into it here.

Number four is, so far as fingering and technicalities generally are concerned, very easy indeed. Yet it is a difficult piece to play effectively. Every note must be sung. The phrasing "across the bar," in bars five and six, wants to be intelligently studied, and when and where to make a slight *rallentando* or *accelerando* thought out. You must be careful not to use the pedal so as to destroy the effect by covering up the phrasing. That is what most pianists do nowadays.

We get another first-rate left-hand study out of the last piece. Those flying arpeggios want very neat playing indeed, and must be thoroughly practised before the melody is touched. Did space permit, there are many hints to be given for making this piece effective in a drawing-room. Of course the dotted crotchet at the beginning of many of the bars must be of slightly fuller and rounder tone than the quavers; the tone of such phrases as that in bar three must be carefully graded; later on the *diminuendo* wants attention—there should be the slightest *rallentando* there; and the chords on the fourth line of the last page should be broken, played in arpeggio, for the sake of the additional

accentuation the melody note at the top will get. And of course don't forget to "slow down" at the finish, or it will be too abrupt.

### HARROW SCHOOL SONG.

Here is a splendid song for Board or any other schools. Boys with plenty of animal spirits and strong voices need not be told how to sing it. A judicious teacher will get more out of his class if he possesses ingenuity enough to substitute (without breaking the rhyme and rhythm) the name of his own school for Harrow.

### "WINDS ARE BREATHING."

This is a song by Schubert, though the music-engraver has forgotten to say so. Smoothly and expressively sung by a class of fresh young voices, it cannot fail to be effective. There is an error at the word "pleasure" on the fourth line, bar three: there should be no grace note, and the first A should be B.

### MOZART'S ADAGIO IN B MINOR.

I do not propose to give any elaborate directions for playing this, as Mr. Runciman has in hand a long article on the correct method of rendering Mozart's music, in which (I believe) the B minor adagio is studied in detail. For the present just a few hints. Beginning the first phrase *piano*, make a *crescendo* up to the *sf*, then a slight *diminuendo*, then another *sf*, and play the rest of the phrase *piano* without variation in the tone. Possibly because Mozart was educated in the harpsichord school he often writes a *p* followed by an *f* without an intermediate *crescendo* mark of any sort, though it is evident one is meant. This is not always the case, but it is fairly easy to determine when an abrupt *forte* is intended. At bars eleven and twelve the phrase in the bass must be *cantabile* although loud: it is not by any means a trombone effect. At the scale passage later on a *diminuendo* and slight *ritard* must be made from the high C sharp to the cadence. Two bars further on again the bravura passage in the right-hand must be *pianissimo* and delicate, whilst the fragment of the theme is *mf*, but full and round. The section immediately following the double bar is very difficult, not technically, but in order to express the emotion. The inversion of the *cantabile* bass phrase mentioned above requires most sympathetic handling; the first note should be struck rather sharply to produce a tone of a character verging on harshness, whilst the remaining three notes are soft and thin. There should be no accent whatever on the second beat (for instance, on the lower G, second beat, third bar after the double bar). Then the passionate phrase, G sharp to A, in the bass, is most difficult to make expressive without exaggeration. These are a few of the little unimportant matters that are so important if a good interpretation of the movement is to be secured.

### LULLABY.

Few directions are necessary here. The main thing is to remember that it is a lullaby, and must not be sung with the passionate fervour appropriate to Nolda's part in the second act of Wagner's opera. A lullaby was at one time a song to send children off into dreamland. Whether the progressions at bars 9-10-11 would have that effect I do not venture to say. Anyhow, softly and sweetly sung this song will fetch a St. James's Hall audience any sunny afternoon in July.





## Miss Palliser.

**T**HIS lady, whose portrait is presented to MAGAZINE readers this month, is an American. She studied in Paris, made her *début* somewhere in the south of France, afterwards sung in comic opera at the Savoy, and finally, to everyone's surprise, showed herself a serious artist as Brangane in "Tristan und Isolde." She has a clear, expressive, but not very powerful voice, and, though she can never hope to become a Calvé or Albani, will undoubtedly make good her claims to recognition as a fitting exponent of any less than the greatest parts.

## Music in Paris.

By DR. BERGGUEN.

**T**HE last season was not very rich in new musical productions, and returning after a rather long absence to Paris we find that we have lost very little. A third opera-house, the Théâtre Lyrique, has been opened in the old Théâtre de la Renaissance, and a few representations of "Les Contes d'Hofmann," by Offenbach, have been given. A new opéra-comique, "Madame Thrysanthèmes," by A. Messager, did not keep the enterprise afloat. It failed entirely. Madame Sarah Bernhardt will utilise the theatre for her artistic purposes, and it is said that the Théâtre Lyrique will re-open in a few months at the Nice Théâtre de la Galté, where opérettes are actually played with success. Some of the leading artists of the Opéra Comique are engaged for the new Théâtre Lyrique, and it seems that the new enterprise will be far more serious than the former. A third operatic stage in Paris is by no means superfluous. It is to be noticed that the reconstruction of the burnt-out Opéra Comique was not even begun, and, as the provisional stage of that "national" theatre is rather small, it is very difficult to get a ticket whenever an interesting work is played. That is actually the case, and, strangely enough, it is the learned composer, Saint-Saëns, who fills the theatre by his charming little opera, "Phryne." It is not the first time that the celebrated doctor entertained the Comic Muse. In his youthful days his first success on the stage was in his pleasant opera "The Yellow Princess." The plot of that work is scarce worth analysis; it is an old joke re-dished. The scene is laid in ancient Athens. Saint-Saëns has written a light, brilliant, spirited score, appropriate to the character of the libretto, though the orchestra at every moment shows the enormous progress realised since the days of Boieldieu and Auber. M. Carvalho, the manager of the Opéra Comique, puts Adam's Opera, "Le Toreador," in the same bill with "Phryne." Richard Wagner's "Die Walküre" was recently produced and had an enormous success. The rendering was good; a few slight imperfections went almost unnoticed. The programme of the managers of the opera-house includes, actually, "Tristan und Isolde," and it seems that they wanted to produce that most Wagnerian opera even before completing the cycle of the "Nibelungen." But Madame Cosima Wagner, the widow of the great composer, who disposes of the copyright for France, objected to that enterprise, and declared that she would not allow the production of any other work of Richard Wagner until the ancient defeat of "Tannhäuser" was avenged. "Tannhäuser" is now in preparation for the next season. In the meantime the managers tried a rather strange plan, which succeeded. As they could not play either "Rheingold"—the prelude of the whole cycle—or "Siegfried," and "Die Götterdämmerung," they organized lectures about these works, accompanied by music. The poet Catulla Mendes, one of the oldest and staunchest supporters of Richard Wagner, lectured in the opera-house about the "Nibelungen"; two pianists played together some of the most remarkable fragments of the music, and several artists of the opera sang favourite solos. The whole business was a great success.

## Middlesbrough

### Musical Union.

REPORT OF THE MANAGING COMMITTEE.

**T**HE chief feature of the society's work in the past season was the performance of Berlioz' masterpiece "Faust," which was given at the first concert in December last. The great difficulties attending a worthy performance of this remarkable work were satisfactorily overcome, and the concert greatly added to the reputation of the society. The committee note with pleasure that the expenses of the orchestra on this occasion were materially lessened by the generosity of many of the professional players, who accepted much lower terms than usual, thus rendering possible the performance, in its integrity, of a composition usually beyond the resources of similar societies. The second concert was, as usual, of a miscellaneous character, with Mr. and Mrs. Henschel as vocalists; a special feature also being an orchestra of stringed instruments only. An opportunity was thus given for the performance of some interesting music which is rarely heard in a concert-room. At the third concert, entirely new ground was broken by the performance of the music of Signor Mascagni's now famous opera, "Cavalleria Rusticana." The unfortunate illness which, at the last moment, prevented the appearance of Miss Esther Palliser, was a matter of great regret to the committee, who, for the first time in the history of the society, were unable to fulfil, in this respect, their advertised engagements. Mention should not be omitted of the performance at this concert of Dr. Hubert Parry's ode, "The Glories of our Blood and State are Shadows," a fine example of the work of one of the greatest of living composers. The committee regret that the accounts show, for the first time, an adverse balance. This is a disappointing result, yet, in that it calls for greater efforts and more active loyalty on the part of those who have the true interests of music at heart, it is not altogether a misfortune.

The list of subscribers has, however, been well maintained, the amount received being very little below that of the previous season. There are signs, however, that the state of trade in the district may adversely affect the future income of the society unless some special effort be made, and the committee confidently appeal to the members for their active help in obtaining new names in place of withdrawals from the subscribers' list. The weekly practices have been held as usual. The orchestra has continued to make satisfactory progress, and the thanks of the society are once more due to Mr. Hornung for his efficient and faithful direction of this section. The chorus has maintained its reputation, although the work accomplished has been of an arduous nature. The "Faust" music was especially trying, and the opera, as well as Dr. Parry's ode, presented many difficulties.

Twenty-five practices were held for the soprano and contralto parts, and twenty-seven for the tenor and bass, and the attendance of the members was as follows:

	SOPRANO.	ALTO.	TENOR.	BASS.	TOTAL.
No. of members	66	44	36	40	186
Average attendance at each practice	52	30	27	28	137
Percentage of members at each practice	78.8	61.8	75	70	73.65

The conductor is of opinion that better results might be obtained by more detailed practice of the chorus. He hopes to introduce some method next season which will reduce the labour and add to the interest of this department of the society's work. The committee beg once more to tender their most hearty thanks to Mr. Kilburn for his generous and untiring labours on behalf of the Musical Union. The high position which the society has gained in the provincial art of the country is entirely due to his great ability, experience and enthusiasm. Those who attend the chorus practices are especially indebted to him for the interest he creates in the works under rehearsal.

June 4th, 1893.

## Music in Cork.

**S**T. LUKE'S Choral Society gave an excellent concert in the Assembly Rooms, Cork, on May 15th. The chief attraction was Sir Wm. Sterndale Bennett's cantata "The May Queen," which was admirably rendered by a chorus of over 100 voices, assisted by a large orchestra. The solo parts were taken by Miss Hilda Marks (May Queen); Miss Phillips (Queen); Mr. W. S. North (the lover); and Mr. T. J. Good (Robin Hood). Each singer won honours during the evening, and especially well received were Miss H. Marks and Mr. North. The miscellaneous portion of the programme was exceptionally attractive. The orchestra played the fine Triumphal March from Dr. Marks' Oratorio "Gideon" with capital effect. Solos were contributed by Mrs. Longfield, Miss Marks, Miss Hall, Mr. Palmer and Mr. North, and amongst the choral numbers were Cowen's "'Tis thy wedding morning" ("Rose Maiden") and an exceedingly pretty part-song "Blow, ye balmy breezes," which was specially written for this concert by Mr. J. C. Marks, who conducted the concert with much ability.

## Two Notable Trumpets.

**N**OTES on two valuable and important ancient bronze trumpets, belonging to the Bateman Collection, sold at Sotheby's on June 14, 1893:

One was a bronze trumpet of somewhat ovoid section, with lateral mouthpiece and moulded end terminating in a large bronze ring, and having a smaller ring at side (see Mr. Harold Gray's article on "Ancient Bronze Trumpets," MAGAZINE OF MUSIC, Feb., 1893). Its total length is 28½ inches, and diameter at bell-end 2½ inches. It was bought by General Pitt-Rivers, F.R.S., for £60.

The other was a trumpet of double-curved form, with mouthpiece at end, with moulded projection and slightly everted; 8 inches below the mouthpiece is a well-developed projection, and at side a ring; below this is another well-marked projection, with raised band on either side; near the lower part or bell it is decorated with two bands of incised lines. This instrument is almost identical with the trumpet in General Pitt-Rivers' collection, reproduced in Fig. 6 of the above-mentioned article, and was found in the same locality. This trumpet fetched £58, Mr. F. Whelan being the purchaser.

Both these trumpets were found in 1840 in Drumahog Bog, parish of Kilraughts, co. Antrim; and both have been in the Carruthers Collection. Both trumpets are beautifully patinated and in excellent preservation.

## Larks.

**M**R. J. WOOD, in an article on "The Wonders of the Spring," says that the volume of sound produced by the skylark is most wonderful. The lark ascends until it looks no larger than a midge, and can with difficulty be seen by the unaided eye, yet every note will be clearly audible to persons who are fully half a mile from the nest over which the bird utters its song. Moreover, it never ceases to sing for a moment, a feat which seems wonderful to us human beings, who find that a song of six or seven minutes in length, though interspersed with rests and pauses, is more than trying. Even a practised public speaker, though he can pause at the end of each sentence, finds the applause of the audience a very welcome relief. Moreover, the singer and speaker need to use no exertion save exercising their voices. Yet the bird will pour out a continuous song of nearly twenty minutes in length, and all the time has to support itself in the air by the constant use of its wings.—*Liverpool Post*.



## Stories of the Operas.

### I. "LOHENGRIN."

THE story of Lohengrin as related by Wagner in his opera is the Christian version of a very old myth, and takes the form of a legend of the Holy Grail. This is why the audience is thrown into a devotional atmosphere in the prelude to the opera. Its first bars, played by violins and flutes, indicate a mood of hushed religious ecstasy. The principal phrase, known as the Grail Motive, is immediately introduced, and it is properly placed in this foremost position, as the keynote of the whole opera is thus at once struck. It is worth noting, not only for its intrinsic loveliness, but in order that it may be recognised when heard at other times later on in the work.

The curtain rises on a riverside scene near Antwerp. *Mise-en-scène* and music combine to impress the spectator with a delightful sense of freshness, the dewy freshness of early morning.

The romantic feeling is also awakened. Watching this opera, we forget the sordid dullness of modern England, and are transported into the far-off region of old Teutonic legend, where all things beautiful and mysterious are possible. Quite naturally we look to see rise out of the forest darkness the towers of the gloomy castle where the magician lives. We are not a whit surprised at the gleam of light radiating from the sheen of a strange knight's armour, as he approaches down the winding river. We are not oppressed with scientific speculations, nor curious or sceptical about the origin of things. We do not ask what land it is which lies beyond the black belt of woodland fringing the horizon. We should be filled with awe did we essay to follow the softly gliding river up to its distant source, or embark in stouter vessel to float with it down to the sea, and away to some unknown land beyond the billows.

Romanticism is strong upon us, but not that alone. Mysticism is also present, thus infusing a modern element into the simple mediævalism. The blending of these two is a characteristic mark of Wagner's opera. Wagner found a congenial field for his mysticism in the ancient romance of his country, the weird hush of that romance forming an admirable setting for it. From the darkness into the darkness—a shroud of mystery enveloping life; this is the root of the Teutonic romance, and it is the basis whereon Wagner has constructed his music.

But let us return to the story. Near the river-bank grows the Oak of Justice, the tree round which the freemen assemble to discuss and adjudge the affairs of the commonwealth. Just now those affairs have assumed unusual interest and importance. At home they are in a disturbed condition, and the gossips have their mouths full; for Gottfried, the boy heir of the late Duke of Brabant, has mysteriously disappeared, and there is a dispute as to the vacant leadership. Elsa, Gottfried's sister, is natural heiress to the dukedom, but dark stories are being circulated about her by her guardian and late lover, and now rival, Frederick of Telramund, who claims the succession by virtue of his new-made wife's royal descent, and accuses Elsa of murdering her brother, in order that she might herself wear the ducal crown. Abroad, too, the red god of war is in the ascendant. The Hungarians are about to overrun the realms of Henry the Fowler, King of Germany, and that monarch has arrived at Antwerp to demand the help of his lieges of Brabant, and is now holding a woodland court beneath the Oak of Justice. He endeavours to quell the intestinal trouble, and summons Frederick to state the cause of it.

Then Frederick formally accuses Elsa of fratricide. The king calls for Elsa to appear and answer the charge, and she is questioned as to her guilt, but remains mute. At length she relates in soliloquy a vision of "a knight of glorious mien," and, hailing him as her defender, prays him to come to her in this her sore need.

The beauty and use of Wagner's motive system is well illustrated here. For, as Elsa describes her vision, the music soars again into the lovely phrase dedicated to the composer to the Holy Grail, and so announces the origin of her dream.

The king decrees ordeal by battle. Elsa prays for her visionary champion, offering herself as the reward. The herald and the trumpeters summon the champion; but no one comes. Frederick derides, the bystanders pity, and the hapless maiden begs the king to sound the call again, for "he dwells afar, and heareth not." Once more the summons goes forth. But no knight draws near. Elsa and her maidens kneel down in desperate prayer. Then a cry is heard from the men nearest the river. A skiff approaches, drawn by a swan, and bearing towards the eager throng a man in shining armour. It is the knight of glorious mien whom Elsa saw in her vision. Again we hear the mystical phrase which announces the Grail, and its melody forms the first notes uttered by the newcomer.

Before the knights engage in combat, the champion exacts a promise from Elsa. She is never to question him as to his race or name. Overcome with gratitude and devotion she promises. The solemn, almost weird, musical phrase on which the knight's request is couched is suggestive of lurking danger, marking prominently the fact on which hangs the catastrophe. Its peculiarly sad cadence is prophetic of disaster. It is called the Warning Motive.

The mysticism latent here appealed strongly to Wagner. Let us recall his own words in "A Communication to my Friends": "Upon the blue mirror of the waters there draws nigh an Unknown being, of utmost grace and purest virtue, who moves and wins all hearts by charms resistless; he is the embodied wish of the yearner who dreams of happiness in that far-off land he cannot sense. This Unknown being vanishes across the ocean's waves, so soon as ever questioned as to his nature."

But to proceed with the story. After the exchange of promises and caresses, Frederick and Elsa's champion fight, and the former is worsted. Heaven has thus declared his guilt, and utterly crushed he sinks miserably at his wife's feet; while Elsa and the victor again plight their troth, and the act ends with general rejoicing.

Amid the intense gloom of the music which heralds the second act the Warning Motive reappears, indicating the manner in which the catastrophe is hastening its development. The contrast with the first act, with its glint of morning light, is complete. It is now night. From within the palace come sounds of revelry. Without, in the courtyard, are dimly seen two figures reclining on the steps of the minster opposite. They are Frederick and Ortrud, his wife, stripped of their brave attire, listening with hatred to the merry-making in the palace. The husband (the weaker of the pair) reproaches his wife. It is her magic which has caused him to transfer his affections from Elsa to herself, and which now has ruined him. But Ortrud does not share his despair. The black art she professes shall yet save them, and, bidding Frederick look after his foe, she undertakes to wreak vengeance on the bride. For her witchcraft has taught her who is the stranger knight, and that he must go away as soon as his secret becomes known. So Elsa must be tempted to break her promise, and ask her protector the forbidden question; and Ortrud thereupon proceeds to carry out her purpose.

The powerful contralto music written for Ortrud in the foregoing scene brings forcibly before the listener the dark character and history of the woman, and forms a dramatic contrast to the tender love songs in which the heroine's thoughts are portrayed. An opportunity of making the comparison now occurs, for Elsa, half-stifled with joyful emotion, comes out on the balcony to breathe the fresh night air, and muse upon her fortune. Ortrud, dismissing Frederick, addresses herself to her rival, and begs pitifully for her friendship and protection. Elsa's generous heart warms towards the woman. She grants her compassion, and receives in return the poisonous suggestion that the mystery enshrouding her lover may be but the cloak of witchcraft and treachery. This Elsa nobly repudiates; but the mischief is wrought; doubt has been instilled into her faith.

Then day breaks, the day of Elsa's marriage, and the festivities commence. Sumptuously dressed ladies with their attendants throng the stage, trumpets blare, and there is all the pomp of a royal wedding. The well-known symphonic music, which accompanies the procession of ladies, suggests to the full the idea of dignified marriage pageant. All is peace and joyfulness, save for the herald's denunciation of the traitor Telramund, who is placed under the king's ban, and the announcement that on the morrow the bridegroom (who, declining the dukedom, has styled himself Guardian of Brabant) will lead the expedition in aid of Henry against the Hungarians. The first jarring note is struck when Frederick appears, and tries to stir up the Brabantian knights to enmity against their new leader. The next is when Ortrud disputes precedence with Elsa, when she is about to go into the minster, and in her passion discloses the hypocrisy of the scene beneath the balcony. She now mocks the bride for ignorance of the groom's name. The quarrel is loud and bitter, but the onlookers uphold Elsa and denounce Ortrud. Later on, when Lohengrin enters with the king, Frederick again appears, and, amid renewed commotion, accuses his adversary of sorcery.

The violent interpolation of this "scene" (using the word in its colloquial as well as theatrical sense) is worth noticing, as showing Wagner's love of dramatic moments. It is not necessary to the development of the plot; it does not help forward the action of the opera; and it has not even the justification of acting as a medium for a fine musical passage which would otherwise be lost, the music as a fact being at this point below the level reached throughout the opera. But it is interesting as an example of that love of theatrical hurly-burly which amounted to an idiosyncrasy in Wagner's æsthetic character.

At the conclusion of this incident the bridal procession moves on again towards the church. On the steps of the minster Elsa remains a moment clasped in her lover's arms, and, looking up, encounters the evil gaze of Ortrud, and so the act closes, with terror depicted on the bride's face, in discordant contrast with the bright musical movement of the orchestra, and the joyous pealing of the organ, which rings out as the curtain falls.

Wedding music, which closed the second act, ushers in the third. Night has fallen; the scene is the bridal chamber. At one door enter Elsa and her women attendants. From another comes the husband, with the king and nobles. Congratulations are sung (the well-known bridal music), and hero and heroine are ceremoniously unrobed. Then guests and attendants retire, and the lovers are at last alone, to seek happiness in each other's arms. The bliss of human love for which the knight had yearned is now approaching consummation, and delightfully expressive of tenderness and passion at the moment of its realisation is the duet which ensues. Musical phrases which have occurred in earlier parts of the opera reappear with added beauty and meaning, instinct with the warmth of love.

But this blissful interval is of short duration. Elsa shows herself a true daughter of Eve, and the fatal curiosity which Ortrud awakened in her mind now develops to her undoing. Forgetting the promise she gave her husband not to question him as to his name and country, she insinuatingly begs the forbidden knowledge. Carelessly he tries to turn her questions aside; with fatal persistence she pursues them. He points through the open casement to the flowers beneath:

"Say dost thou breathe the incense sweet of flowers,  
Breathing a tide of deep mysterious joy!  
And wouldst thou know from whence this rapture  
showers?  
Ask not—lest thou the wondrous charms destroy."

But the woman, consumed by her deadly thirst for knowledge, heeds not. The mournful Warning Motive again falls on the ear as the knight conjures her to desist. Its melancholy message is now fully grasped. Now it is not idle curiosity which Wagner here displays. It is rather, as he himself insists, the purely human character of love, and the strength and fulness of the passion. Love demands all, and



After the service a luncheon was held in the New Forest Hall. By the invitation of Colonel Macleay the choristers were able to pay a visit to Glasshayes, and about 250 availed themselves of the privilege to visit the charming grounds of that residence. Several of the choirs also partook of tea at the New Forest Hall.



## A Singing Master's Action against a Pupil.

ROWLEY v. BOLGER.  
REMARKABLE CASE.

(From the *Manchester City News*, June 3, 1893.)

**A**T the last sitting of the Salford Hundred Court of Record, held at the Assize Court, Manchester, an action of considerable importance to the teachers of music was tried. According to the opening statement of the counsel for the plaintiff, a teacher of singing in this city, at the request of a young working-man possessed of a good voice, and anxious to be trained for the operatic stage, consented to receive him as a pupil providing he undertook, on obtaining an appointment (the pupil having no present means) to pay for the lessons so received out of his professional earnings. The arrangement was made and carried out with the full knowledge of the father and elder brother of the pupil. In course of time the pupil, through a recommendation of the teacher, obtained an appointment in a well-known operatic company. His indebtedness at this time to his teacher amounted to over £17, which in the course of the following two years he only reduced by small instalments, amounting altogether to about £4, although he had been in the receipt of a regular and an increasing salary in the same company the whole time. He then refused to pay any more, and a writ was issued for the balance. Counsel for the defendant pleaded infancy, but it was shown that the whole of the payments had been made after he had passed his twenty-first year, and letters of his were put in acknowledging the debt after the attainment of his majority.

The case was argued (the facts being admitted) by the two opposing counsel and the Deputy Judge (Mr. Crompton Hutton) in the presence of a jury. But the jury were never appealed to. His Honour, after stating that the defence was a most shabby one, reserved judgment on the point of law as to whether the lessons were a necessity or a luxury. Judgment has since been delivered, and is as follows: In this case plaintiff was a music-teacher, and the defendant, at the age of nineteen, being a fustian-cutter, having ascertained from previous class-lessons given by the plaintiff (which are not the subject of this action) that he had a good voice, took private singing-lessons from plaintiff with the view of becoming a professional or public singer. For the cost of these lessons the action is brought. The defendant pleads infancy, to which it is replied that the lessons were necessary; and the parties agreeing that the action should be tried by me, I took time to consider. It is laid down that an infant may bind himself for tuition (Com. Dig., Infants, B 5), but the same rule which applies to a purchase of goods applies to tuition, namely, that it must be suitable to the rank and condition of the infant at the time of the contract. Now this defendant at the time he engaged the plaintiff to give him these lessons was a fustian-cutter; and although the fact of his having sought for these lessons in order to improve his station in life into that of a professional singer, and, as the event has turned out, his having by their means succeeded in doing so, renders the defence an unusually ungracious one, this event does not determine the necessity for the lessons when given, nor does the purpose or object of the defendant alter the rule of law which is framed with the view of enabling infants to enter upon life free from debts and liabilities not strictly necessary, and without regard to enabling them to gratify fancies or ambitious wishes for the future, the attainment of which may as often turn out to be injurious to them as for their happiness. I think, therefore, the matter must be treated in the same way as if defendant, with the same object in view, had bought a piano or a violin, articles which undoubtedly could not be considered as necessities for a person in defendant's condition. I, therefore, give judgment for the defendant, with costs, which under the circumstances I direct should be on the lowest scale.

In the result the plaintiff, who had obtained the defendant a good professional appointment, lost the balance of his teaching fees, and was saddled with the

legal costs of both sides, amounting to over £20. The father (a working fustian-cutter) and son were both in court, and although the case occupied little more than twenty minutes in arguing, their joint expenses were put down at five guineas.

## Patents.

**T**HIS list is specially compiled for the *MAGAZINE OF MUSIC* by Messrs. Rayner and Co., patent agents, 37, Chancery Lane, London, W.C., from whom information relating to patents may be had gratuitously.

- 10,186. Benjamin Robert Grindrod, 26, Toad Lane, Rochdale. Improvements in organ-pedal attachments to pianofortes and organs. May 23rd.
- 10,225. Henry James Cole, 166, Fleet Street, London. Improved music-sheet or book-case or carrier, applicable also as a music-desk. May 23rd.
- 10,278. Francis Lyst, 64, Somerville Road, Hatcham, London. Means of securing music-sheets and other papers temporarily in their covers. May 24th.
- 10,509. Louis Noebe, 28, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London. Improvements in pedal mechanism for pianofortes. May 29th.
- 10,558. Frederick Talbot Joyce, 103, Lower Baggot Street, Dublin. An improved music-stand and apparatus for turning the leaves of music, and such like. May 30th.
- 10,819. Samuel Arthur Chappell, 323, High Holborn, London. Improvements in mouth-pieces for musical instruments. June 2nd.
- 9,694. Douglas McMaie, The Hollies, Elmers End, Beckenham, Kent. Improvements in bows for stringed instruments. May 15th.
- 9,718. Magnus Volk, 4, South Street, Finsbury, London. Improvements in coin-freed musical instruments. May 15th.
- 9,806. L. H. Close, 28, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London. A keyed-string instrument giving sustained notes. May 16th.

### SPECIFICATIONS PUBLISHED.

- 10,881. Lee. Pianoforte front panel. 1892. 10d.
- 13,262. Ehrlich. Mechanical pianos. 1892. 10d.
- 5,507. Koeniges. Covering pianoforte ham-mers. 1892. 10d.
- 5,161. Lochmann. Musical instruments.

The above Specifications published may be had of Messrs. Rayner and Co., patent agents, 37, Chancery Lane, London, W.C., at the prices quoted.

## MADAME BELLA MONTI, Soprano.

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*Isabel Allister.*



Magazine of Music Supplement, July 1893.

**Harrow School Song**  
by  
EATON FANING.

**ADAGIO in B MINOR**  
by  
W. A. MOZART.

**LOVE**  
by  
ARNOLD GRIEG.

CHILDREN'S SONG:  
**"Winds are breathing."**

London.  
MAGAZINE OF MUSIC OFFICE.  
ST. MARTIN'S HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

# HARROW SCHOOL SONG.

STET FORTUNA DOMUS.

(DEDICATED TO THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, 1891.)

Words by E. W. H.

Music by EATON FANING.

VOICE.

PIANO.

*cresc.*

*marcato.*

1. Pray, charge your glass-es, gen-tle-men, And drink to Har-row's hon - our, May For-tune still at - tend the Hill, And  
 2. Now fan - cy leans to oth-er scenes, Where first we learnt to stam-mer The e - le-ments of Greek and "Viguo" The  
 3. For - got - ten cheers are in our ears, A - gain we play our match-es, And mem'ry swells with wiz - ard spells Our  
 4. To - night we praise the former days In pa - tri - o - tic chor - us, And ce - le - brate the Good and Great Who  
 5. So once a - gain your glasses drain, And may we long con - tin - ue From Harrow School to rise and rule By

*mf*

*cresc.*

*f*

1. Glo-ry rest up - on her! The world out-side is won-drous wide, But here the world is nar - row, One  
 2. my-ster - ies of Gram-mar. And beard-ed men are boys a - gain In fourth-form coat and col - lar! And  
 3. by-gone scores and catch-es: A - gain we rush a - cross the slush - A pack of breathless fa - ces - And  
 4. trod the Hill be - fore us; Where She - ri - dan and Peel be - gan, And Tem ple's frame of ir - on, Where  
 5. heart and brain and sin - ew. And as the roll of Hon-our's Scroll Page af - ter page is writ - ten, May

*mf*

*rall.*

*\**

- cresc.*
- rall.*
- a tempo*
1. ma - gic thrall u - nites us all - The name and fame of Har - row.  
 2. on our lips are mel - low quips Of do - mi - nie and scho - lar.  
 3. charge and fall, and see the ball Fly whiz-zing through the bas - es.  
 4. Ash - ley vow'd to serve the Crowd, And Song a - woke in By - ron.  
 5. Har - row give the names that live In Great and Great - er Bri - tain!

*cresc.*

*f*

*rall.*

*a tempo*



# ADAGIO

in B minor.

3

Adagio.

W. A. MOZART.

PIANO.

This musical score is for a piano piece in B minor, marked Adagio. It consists of eight systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-4. The piece features a variety of textures, including dense chordal passages and more melodic lines. The score concludes with a first ending (marked 1.) and a second ending (marked 2.).

Dynamic markings: *p*, *fp*, *f*, *mf*.

Tempo: Adagio.

Key: B minor.

Instrument: PIANO.

Composer: W. A. MOZART.

A musical score for a piano piece. The score is written on two staves. The left staff is in bass clef and the right staff is in treble clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature is 4/4. The piece begins with a piano (p) dynamic. The left hand plays a series of chords in the bass, while the right hand plays a melody. The piece ends with a forte (fp) dynamic. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

Musical score for "The Merry Widow" by Franz Lehár, measures 1-4. The score is in 2/4 time, key of D major, and features a piano (p) and forte (f) dynamic range. The melody is in the right hand, and the bass line is in the left hand. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and fingerings.

A musical score for a piano piece, likely from the opera 'The Merry Widow'. The score is written for piano (p) and features a complex, rhythmic melody in the right hand and a dense, fast-moving bass line in the left hand. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The score is marked with 'f' (forte) and 'p' (piano) dynamics. The right hand melody includes trills and slurs, while the left hand features rapid sixteenth-note passages. The score is divided into measures by bar lines, with some measures containing multiple notes and rests.



This page of musical notation contains seven systems of staves, each with a treble and bass clef. The music is written in a key with two sharps (F# and C#). The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, accidentals, and dynamic markings. The first system begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps. The second system includes a forte (*f*) dynamic marking. The third system features a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The fourth system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The fifth system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The sixth system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The seventh system includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The notation is complex, with many notes and accidentals, and includes various musical symbols such as slurs, ties, and fingering numbers.

# LOVE.

Words by CAMPBELL.

Music by ARNOLD GRIEG.

**Andante.**

VOICE. Love came at dawn, Love came at dawn, When all the

PIANO. *p tranquillo*

*rit.* world was fair. Love came at

*rit.* *a tempo dolce* *pp*

dawn, at dawn, When all the world was fair. When crim - son glo - ries,

*cresc.* *f*

bloom and song were rife. Love came at dawn, When Hopes-wings fanned the air.

*f*

Fin. \*



And mur - mured "I am life." Love came at

*L.H.*

*placido*

eve When the day was done When heart and brain were tired And

*lusinghevolute*

slum - ber pressed. Love came at eve, Love came at eve, Shut out the sink - ing

sun Love came at eve, Love came at eve, Love came at

*cresc.*

*rit.*

eve Love came at eve And whis - pered "I am rest."

*L.H.*

*decresc.* *rit.* *pp* *ppp*

## CHILDREN'S SONG.

## "WINDS ARE BREATHING"

Moderato.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. Winds are  
 breath-ing, Wood-bines wreathing, Summer sheds her gifts - a - round; Streams are flow-ing, Sun-beams glow-ing, Ev'-ry  
 sad - ness Turn to glad-ness, Mirth is heard the woods - a - mong; Sons of la - bour, Strike the ta - bor, To the  
 tree with ver - dure's crown'd; Bees are wing - ing, Birds are sing - ing; Na-ture's face is fair and  
 mer - ry dance and song. Let not sor - row, cloud the mor - row; Ba-nish gloom, drive care a -  
 bright; Mu - sic's mea-sure Wakens plea-sure, Ev'-ry heart throbs with de-light, Ev'-ry heart throbs with de-  
 way: Sum - mer blooming, All's il - lu-ming; Let each bo - som then be gay, Let each bo - som then be  
 light.  
 gay.  
 2. Tears of



Magazine of Music Supplement, July 1893.

**LULLABY**  
&  
**5**  
**Album Leaves**  
\* by \*

Elisabeth M. Reynolds.

London.  
MAGAZINE OF MUSIC OFFICE.  
ST MARTIN'S HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL. E.C.

## LULLABY.

(WIEGENLIED.)

Words by  
TENNYSON.Music by  
ELISABETH M. REYNOLDS.  
Op. 4. No. 2.

**Moderato.**

VOICE. (GESANG.) *p* Sweet and low,  
sacht und lind,

PIANO. *pp*

sweet and low, Wind of the wes-tern sea! Low, low, breathe and blow,  
sacht und lind, Wind vom westlichen Strand! Lind, lind, weh' o Wind,

*cresc.* Wind of the wes-tern sea! *dim.* O-ver the roll-ing wa-ters go, Come from the dy-ing  
Wind vom westlichen Strand! Ü-ber die Wöl-len geh' ge-schwind, kom-me vom scheidenden

*pp*

*cresc.* *p* moon and blow, Blow him a-gain to me; While my lit-tle one, While my pretty one sleeps  
Mond, o Wind, weh' ihn wieder an's Land; Während mein Klei-ner, mein Sü-sser schläft.

*mf* *cresc.* *pp*



*p*  
Sleep and rest,  
Schlaf' und ruh';

sleep and rest,      Fa-ther will come to thee soon;      Rest, rest, on Mo-ther's breast,  
schlaf' und ruh';      Va-ter kommt bald zu dir;      ruh'; ruh' bei Mut-ter du,

*cresc.*      *p*  
Fa-ther will come to thee soon,      Fa-ther will come to his babe in the nest.      Sil-ver sails all  
Va-ter kommt bald zu dir,      Va-ter deckt bald sein Kind-chen zu.      Segel vom Westen er-

*cresc.*  
out of the west,      Un-der the sil-ver moon: Sleep my lit-tle one, sleep my  
spä-hest du      un-ter dem Mon-den-schein: Schla-fe ein,      mein

*dim. e rall.*  
lit-tle one,      sleep!  
Sü-ser,      schlaf!

*a tempo*  
*dim. e rall.*      *pp*      *morendo*

Dedicated to my friend Fräulein HANNA von EYNATTEN.

## 5 ALBUMBLÄTTER für CLAVIER.

## 5 ALBUM LEAVES for the PIANO.

ELISABETH M. REYNOLDS.

Op. 2. No. 1.

Allegro.  $\text{♩} = 72$ 

PIANO.

*p* *cresc.* *dim.* *p* *No.* \* *No.* \* *No.* \*

*cresc.* *rit. e dim.* *a tempo* *No.* \* *No.* \* *simile*

*cresc.* *dim.* *pp* *No.* \*

*No.* \*

## Mazurka.

Moderato.  $\text{♩} = 63$ .

Op. 2. No. 2.

*p* *No.* \* *No.* \* *No.* \* *No.* \* *No.* \*

*dim.* *mp* *No.* \* *No.* \* *No.* \* *No.* \*





Allegro. ♩. = 168.

Op. 2. No. 3.





Allegretto. ♩ = 138.

Op. 2. No. 4.





Allegro.  $\text{♩} = 100.$ 

Op. 2. No. 5.

*p*

*dim.* \* *dim.* \* *simile*

*cresc.*

*f* *dim.* *pp*

*mf* *pp*

